

The Northfield Press

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION

CHRISTMAS BY W.D. Pennypacker

IN HUMAN experience there is no page more replete with joyous association. The first Christmas we remember only as described in sacred story, and we visualize its influence through the spirit exemplified in the lives of our fellows.

The next Christmas we cannot recall. We may have lain in trundle-bed or cuddled in a mother's arms. That was a hallowed Christmas!

Then followed anniversaries teeming with visions of sleighs, Santa Claus, candy and toys, when the veriest romance of Yuletide was so-real! We never forget those days.

But how mystically they merge into another epoch. With the diminishing vision of Santa we become aware of a better Christmas in the conscious love and loyalty of others. And then—

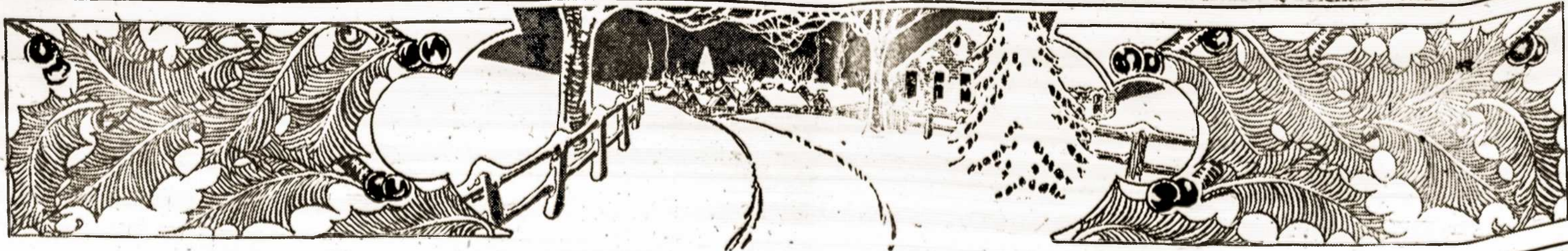
In years that follow, the Christmas season becomes richer and more beautiful. It has lost the confusion of toys and confections. But in all these years there has been growing a tree that is ever green—upon it a thousand glittering spangles—hallowed memories of those who played with us around our earliest Christmas trees, or

shared the season's festivities in later years.

Refreshing are the recollections that flood upon us as a newer generation takes our place in the pleasures and happy illusions of Christmas.

May this Yuletide be brighter and happier than all that have gone before.

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The Home Gift-Good Furniture

FURNITURE is the sensible Christmas gift; the lasting gift. The furniture we offer is excellent in style and quality yet marked at moderate prices, so you may select with assurance, whether your purchase be large or small. Make your selection early and avoid the possibility of disappointment. We are pleased to hold your selections for Christmas delivery.



For a Man's Room

LIBRARY TABLES
Many a man would appreciate a library or reading table.

\$25.00 to \$75.00

BOOK ENDS
Both bronze metal and mahogany.

\$3.50 to \$10.00

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES
In all finishes.
The Globe Wernicke

Complete cases
\$26.00 and up.

EASY CHAIRS
Great variety. Prices to fit any purse.

SMOKING STANDS
The gift of gifts for men.

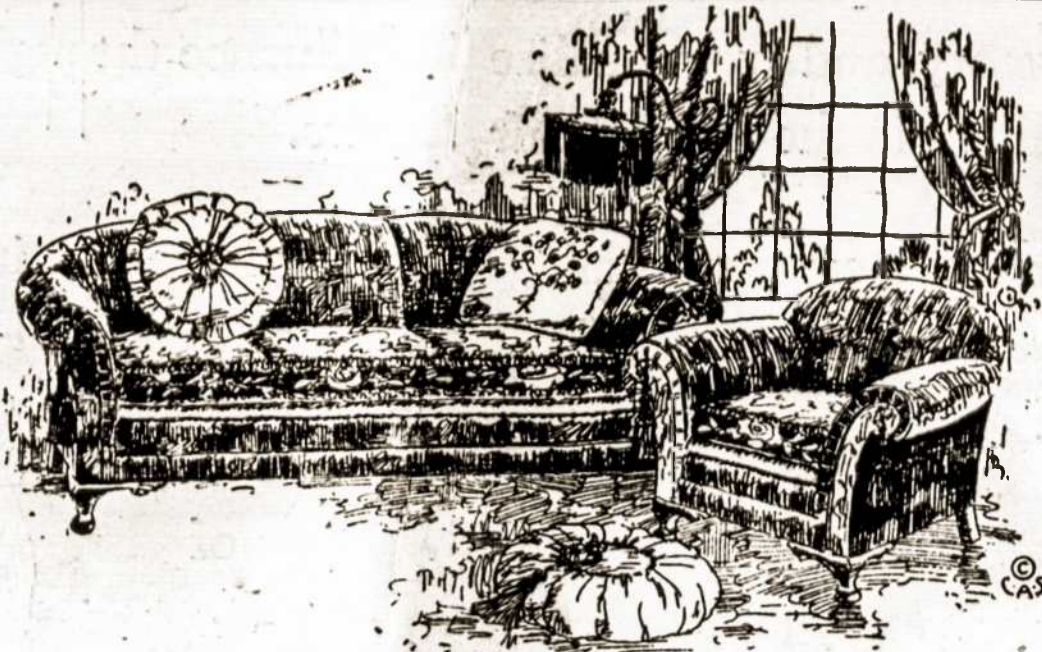
\$2.98 to \$25.00

END TABLES
\$6.98 to \$20.00

BRIDGE LAMPS
The ideal reading lamp. Both wood and metal stands with silk or parchment shades.

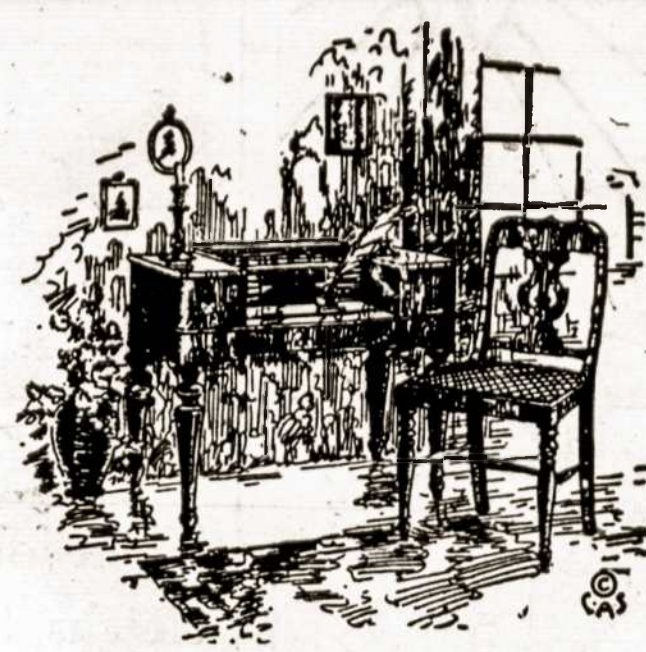
\$12.60 to \$40.00

TABLE LAMPS
\$10.00 to \$40.00



For the Whole Family A New Living Room Suite

Our Living Room Furniture offers a wonderful opportunity for gift selection. We can sell just the davenport or simply the fireside chair. You will find beautiful pieces in velour, leather, tapestry or mohair.



Every Woman should have a Spinet Desk

Every woman wants a desk of her own. The Spinet is now the favorite because of its attractiveness of design. Most of our Spinet desks are made of solid mahogany, but we have two excellent specials in mahogany finish at

\$25.00 and \$27.00

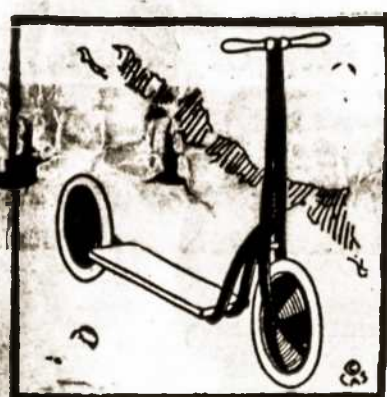


Fancy China, Glass and Bric-a-Brac

Our Gift Tables are crowded with newly imported china and glass. We also have fancy pottery, novelties and mounted casseroles. There are also candle sticks, fancy candles, pictures, baskets, mantel clocks, all styles of mirrors.

Cedar Chests

All sizes—beautifully made and finished,
\$12.00 to \$65.00



For the Kiddies

Doll Carts

Kiddie Kars

Juvenile Automobiles

Roll Top Desks

Scooters

Sleds

Toboggans

Coaster Wagons

Velocipedes

Electric Trains

Tables and Chairs

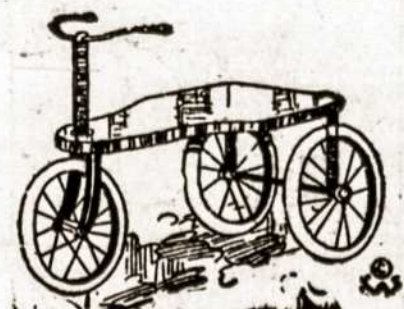
Toy Cedar Chests

Doll Bassinets

Windsor Rockers

Reed Chairs

Pedal Kars

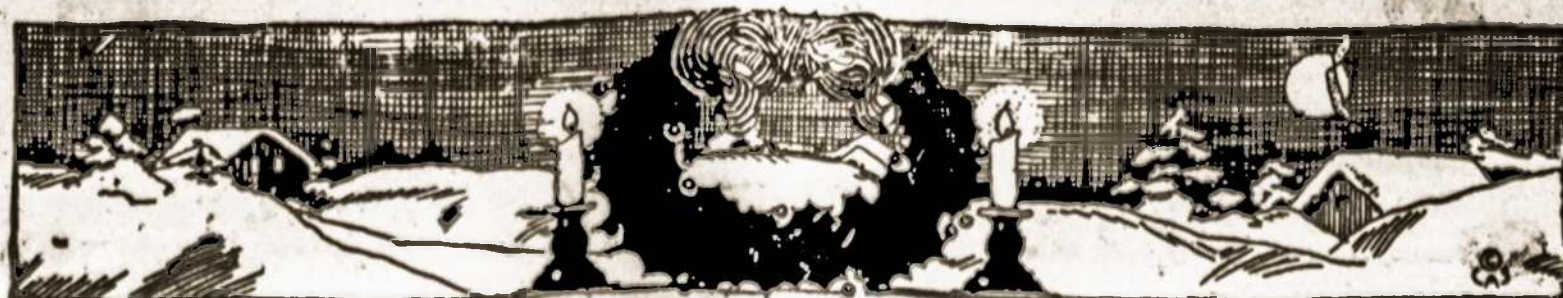


DURKEE & RAY Inc.

The Christmas Store

29-33 Federal Street,

GREENFIELD, MASS.





Merry Christmas Everybody



My Best Christmas

By Emily Burks Adams

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

ACH Christmas as it approaches, I think, surely, it's the best, and how perfectly delightful each one has been, and yet all so different. The best of all was, I'm sure, if there can be a best, was the Christmas that mother, dad, and I spent down at Aunt Mary's.

We had, during the year, met with many reverses, and father said, a few days before Christmas, that our Christmas would be slim; that we couldn't have any of our relatives come, could have no tree, and we'd give each other only necessary clothing as gifts. I couldn't conceive of a necessity as a gift, and it was a joy-killer for me to be sure.

Mother and I talked it over—"Well, mother, Christmas won't be Christmas if I can't buy for you and daddy, and I surely expect something."

"Now, my dear," said mother, we must consider dad. He knows when we can give and when we shouldn't. He's always been most generous with us, and maybe something will turn up, and we don't want a moment of Christmas time spent lamenting over what we can't have. Christmas is a time to be happy; Santa Claus knows when and how to call. Maybe something unexpected will happen, and this prove the best Christmas of all."

"Oh! Mother, you are some poet, and very optimistic." We both laughed. I heard the car door slam and father rushed in the front door beaming.

"Well, Jene, it's all fixed; Aunt Mary has invited us down for Christmas, pro-

The Child and Christmas Night

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

I THINK he's very young and white, The child who comes at Christmas night And shining in his hair! I think his feet scarce touch the snow, As softly, sweetly forth they go— His feet so small and bare!

I think his voice is like the brook, I think he wears a laughing look, And sunshine in his eyes! I think his hands are little, too, But strong his Christmas work to do, And peace upon him lies.

I think he comes to touch our sight, The little child so young and white, To make us see How simple are the ways of love, How great the blessings from above For you and me!

—Martha B. Thomas.

JUST TO HEAR YOU

"WHAT do you want, child?" said the awakened sleeper, in the early morning of Christmas day. "Oh nothing only just to hear you," came the answer from the two little girls who had knocked upon grandfather's door. So easily is love satisfied. Such meaning expression has. Love goes out upon hearthstones for lack of expression. Poverty of expression smothers its fire. Were we all dumb and deaf the world would be filled with silent spectres. Houses have ceased to be homes because so little is said. Like fragile flowers the affections must spring up in ever new manifestations, or we cease to have a garden. We know that others love us, but we forget it. What a pleasure it is just to hear them! — Christopher G. Hazard.

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

He's "Standing By"



The Things I Have Not Had

I PRAY I may be glad

For the things I have not had;

Glad that somewhere they wait,

And that near, or far, or late

I shall find them, lingering so,

In the dawn or even glow

With never a trace of tears

Left by the passing years.

They know no time nor space,

For they have not taken place.

Love which I never knew,

Beautiful, pure and true,

Awaits, and the distant gleams

From the hearth fires of my dreams

Which will one day come to be

Such a bright reality.

Glad for the past am I,

And for today's blue sky.

But I am more than glad

For the things I have not had.

—Elizabeth Scollard, in N. Y. Herald.

A BIRD IN THE HAND

IT WAS the end of a perfect day. The glittering Christmas tree had been untolded. All its lovely fruit had been distributed. All the packages had been opened. Never had there been such a sweet harvest. The great dinner, with the wonderful plum pudding at its close and the ice cream shapes for its company, was only a memory. The little friends had all gone home. Papers and popcorn, tinsel and toys were strewn about the room and Hilda was happy, but tired. In the dusk of evening and in the glimmering firelight she crept up a little closer to her grandfather's heart and said, "Do you want me very much? Well, I'm right here!" — Christopher G. Hazard.

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Indian Christmas Box

By ELEANOR E. KING

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

MRS. NELSON was entertaining friends at luncheon. They were discussing local affairs when Mrs. Nelson suddenly exclaimed:

"I want to read you a letter I received from Mrs. Tweedy yesterday. Every year about July, I send out

a plea to my friends to come and donate to my Indian Christmas box. Perhaps I never really made clear that this Mrs. Tweedy to whom the box goes, over in India, is my schoolgirl chum. She married a doctor and together they went to India to spend their money in trying to help those people. They built one of those queer houses high up from the ground, because of the many insects, snakes, and monkeys that infest the island."

"Just imagine," put in one woman,

"giving up your friends and conveniences at home, to live in a place like that."

"This is what she wrote about the Christmas box we sent last July:

"Dearest Gertrude: I want to thank you and your friends for the lovely things you sent. You surely filled the list and then some."

"You see," explained Mrs. Nelson, "I asked her to give me a list of things she needed."

"You probably thought I was crazy, asking for bolts of the cheapest, brightest materials you had. I will explain: Every year I have as many mothers as I can accommodate, over to a Christmas party. They are really only girls fourteen or fifteen years old. They simply love bright-colored cloth. I cut



There Were Boxes and Boxes and Boxes.

viding there won't be any exchanging of gifts. Wonder how she knew we were so deuced hard up."

We started early Christmas morning; the air was crisp; furs felt good, and the car sped along as if keeping time to the Christmas music, which seemed to permeate the air. A distance of fifty miles, but so happy were we the distance was soon covered.

Aunt Mary and Uncle John met us at the door, beaming. The fire was cheery. I peeped in but didn't see the usual laden table. "I was hungry, too."

Aunt Mary talked so fast—"so glad to see you, A Merry Christmas—this is to be a different Christmas, no hurry, no worry, and no stuffing. We're going to have a simple dinner and take time to think and visit."

She rushed us into the drawing room, and there were boxes and boxes and boxes! "Oh, dear, auntie! What's all this! Your Christmas presents, eh! Now that isn't fair."

Auntie smiled, "No, Jene, all my friends and I decided we wouldn't give useless gifts, costly gifts, and gifts that weren't needed, so we put in our time gathering these for Hope's orphanage, and I've planned for you, Jene, and brother and sister to help distribute them."

Oh! It was fun, and that was real Christmas, carrying joy to those who had so little, and we spent several most happy hours delivering those boxes that were jammed full of Christmas cheer to the little ones in the great orphanage.

Santa Claus is Here

Accept his invitation to view our stocks, which offer at moderate prices a wide range of worthwhile gifts. Here are displayed not only those things you already have in mind, but many others which will speed your list to completion.

PHOTOGRAPHS

New Airplane Views of Northfield,
East Northfield, Mount Hermon,
and Seminary

BOOKS

Bibles, Testaments, Fiction, Copyrights, Juvenile, Children's Birthday Magazine Subscriptions

CALENDARS

Pad — Desk — Block Engagement, Friendship, Snapshot

TREE DECORATIONS

Paper Trimmings, Snow, Tinsils and Candles

LEATHER GOODS

Leather Bound Books: Address, Autograph, Birthday, Bibles, Gifts, Writing Pads, Card Cases

STATIONERY

Fancy Boxed Stationery. Children's Boxed Paper. Booklets, Postcards, Framed Pictures and Photographs,

PENS, PENCILS

Waterman's, Moore's, Eversharp and Conklin.

STICKERS

For packages, Enclosure Cards, Labels, Address Cards; Bells, Twine, Snow.

THE BOOKSTORE

EAST NORTHFIELD



They Made a Pathetic Picture Sitting There.

up the cloth into usable lengths and give such as I think is needed. The rest I make into little children's garments which I have occasion to give out through the year.

"The dolls you sent were clever. The mothers fairly pounced upon them. They were intended for the children when sent, I am sure, but they never reached their destination, for the little child-mothers had never owned dolls, and they idolized these cunning things. They made a pathetic picture sitting there on the floor, cuddling and loving their dolls, hugging their beautiful pieces of colored cloth, and their bar of soap. This bar of soap is so revered and idolized by them that it is placed upon a shelf in their home, an object of beauty to remain there as a precious memento never to be touched."

"At the end she says: 'Thanking you again for the Christmas box. Show the snapshots to your friends, too. My Indian mothers think you veritable angels.'"

"Our families ought to enlighten them," laughed one lady.

"Say," broke in another above the babble, "I can get some cloth wholesale from my brother for our next box."

"I have a friend," put in another, "who could get a price on the canned goods and soap."

"Won't this be wonderful," burst forth Mrs. Nelson. "I will write Mrs. Tweedy tonight, and tell her what is in store for her in the next Indian Christmas box."

Gift Glints

By Gertrude Walton



CHILDREN like to own and use gifts like mother or father. Small girls like to wear a dainty morning cap or an apron to tie around as mother does; or a kimono; oversleeves; small bath towels or towels to place around their shoulders during hair combing; a brush, comb, mirror; a workbasket and embroidery outfit with stencils will delight any small daughter; as will a box of clothespins and clothes line for her dolls' washing; or a small cookbook with simple recipes; a box and files in which to keep recipes; paper flowers, ready to make; a calendar; sanitary dustcloth; small carpet sweeper; remnants for making doll clothes or other handwork such as doll's tablecloth. A flowering plant will please a little miss as will flower seeds and bulbs for her to plant; small manicure sets; wall pockets for her room.

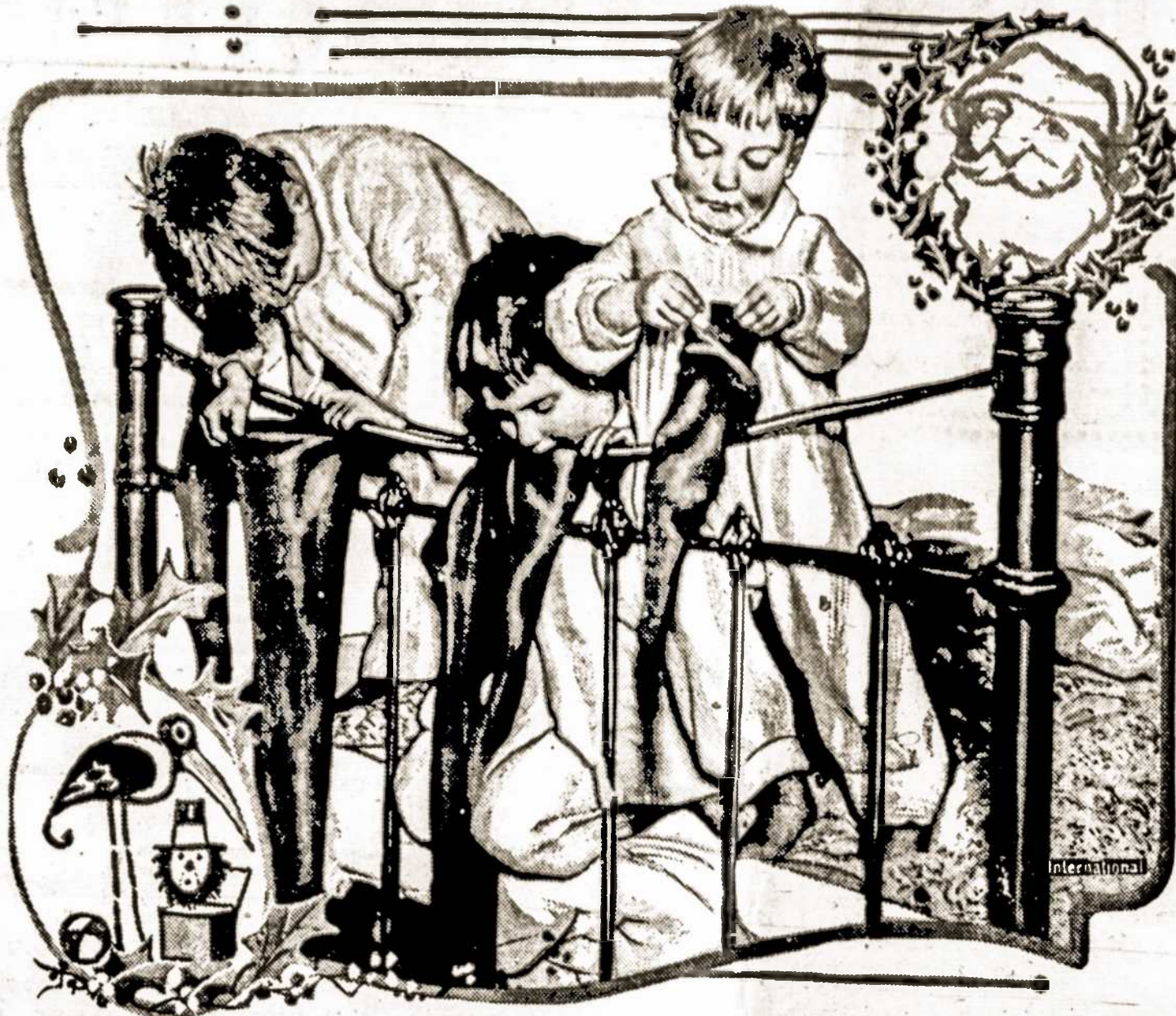
Boys have use for large needles, paper for kites, bags of marbles, string, camping set of aluminum, tin plate, fork, spoon and skillet; pails; tools, boards and lath to make into animal traps; bird houses and houses for pets. Boys will appreciate bright clothes hangers with their names on; small umbrella, rubber boots, raincoat, bathrobe, army blanket, initial handkerchiefs, clothes brush, tie holders and pins with their birthstones, ball and bat, punching bag, skates, football; small garden tools will tempt a lad into the garden and lawn work; or a shoe holder to use when putting his shoes away.

Any child will appreciate a box or trunk with lock and key, a sandbox, sailboats to sail in a pan, materials for framing pictures, small kodak, books on how to feed birds in winter, materials for making food shelters, fountain, etc., for birds; small tennis racquet with balls, indoor table games, guns for shooting at marks, skewers for roasting marshmallows.

Live pets are useful for teaching children kindness and responsibility in caring for them.

One of the most useful gifts for children at home is a low table large enough for them to work on, with low chairs to sit upon. A blackboard saves paper and serves for jolly games aside from drawing and lessons.

Hanging Their Stockings



The Christmas Spirit

By EMILY BURKS ADAMS

(© 1924 Western Newspaper Union.)

TOY to the World" is the first thought that comes to us as Christmas approaches. If the weather be fair we think it splendid; if chilling zero we like it just so. Christmas is, to us, a time for happiness, regardless of elemental

conditions. As friends plan some gift remembrance for those they love, or for some one in need, there truly is joy in the world. How blessed that we get joy out of giving. We often wonder what we would do without Christmas and the privilege God has given us—making others happy. Hardly is the glad season over until we are planning for the next.

The Christmas season seems fuller of joy than any other season, and on every hand is the greeting, "Merry Christmas to you." God made a wonderful gift when He gave His Son, and rejoice as we may, we can never sing praises loud enough to compensate for the generous gift of Christ. Let us be glad; let us make merry, but ever keep in mind that Christ came to redeem

man. We are His if we but will, and the spirit that He would have us manifest at this glad season is a stronger faith in His teachings and a firmer stand for His cause. Yes, this, too, is the Christmas spirit.

Carol

There as a Babe born under a Star (Oh, see how bright the heavens are!) Laid in a manger, in the sweet hay, Under the Star's five-pointed ray. The dumb cattle, they spoke that night (From end to end the skies are bright) And Three Wise Men to the Baby came, For the sky was all song and silver flame. They bore rich gifts, meet for a King (Listen . . . the morning stars sing!) To lay at those small, sorrowful Feet Where the proud of earth with the humble meet.

—N. E. W.

Give Sports Goods To Every Boy and Girl

The gift that puts the love of outdoors in the growing boy or girl will make ruddy cheeks and sturdy limbs as well. Make your selection from our attractive display. The prices are right.

Northland Skis

We have a complete line of these famous goods for all ages, and at a wide range in price.

Skates

Skates, bright and new, always bring joy. See our offerings.

Sleds

A well-made sled makes a fine gift for girl or boy. Many sizes.



CHAS. F. MANN
TOOLS, CUTLERY, PAINTS
Brattleboro, Vermont

Christmas Greetings

Christmas Handkerchiefs

Handkerchiefs are one of the most important items for Christmas giving.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, neatly embroidered Swiss and Irish goods; plain white and with touches of color.

Attractively Priced 10c to 39c
Fine Quality Linen Handkerchiefs neatly embroidered; quarter and half inch hems.

10c to 75c
Ladies' Colored Linen Handkerchiefs, plain and with attractive colored embroidery and drawn work; hundreds to choose from.

Exclusive Handkerchiefs, made in Italy, Armenia and Madeira. Attractively drawn and embroidered.

30c to 75c
Ladies' Plain Linen Handkerchiefs in all grades; quarter and half inch hems.

10c to 50c
Ladies' Initial handkerchiefs with embroidered corners. One eighth and one-quarter inch hems.

25c to 50c
Ladies' Boxed Handkerchiefs put up in attractive Christmas packing, three and six in a box. An unusually large assortment.

Per Box 50c to \$1.98

Men's Handkerchiefs

Fine Quality, Plain Linen Hdkfs., quarter and half inch hems; dependable values. 25c, 50c, 75c
Men's Initial Hdkfs., neat and attractively packed. 15c to 50c
Men's colored border Hdkfs., with attractive initial. A very unusual value. each 25c
Men's Hdkfs., with colored borders; all woven fast colors; three qualities 10c, 15c, 25c
Men's Cotton Hdkfs. with one-half inch hems; fine quality cotton. Special 10c and 15c
Boys' Handkerchiefs, with colored borders; very neat and unusual values. Each 10c and 15c

Gifts for Men

Our Christmas displays of useful things for men are very complete, and contain many worthy suggestions that will prove a great help to those who have men folk on their gift list.

Men's Shirts put up in attractive holly boxes; made of fine quality silk striped madras; guaranteed fast colors; a large variety of patterns and colorings to choose from.

Men's Ties, made of fine knitted silks, also tailored ties of fine quality broadcloth silk, all in holly boxes. A regular 75c tie, Special at 50c

Men's Neckwear of finest quality, made of Swiss spun silk brocade and attractive diagonal stripes; an extensive variety to choose from. Most reasonably priced. 75c and 98c

Boys' Ties in smart little styles and attractive colorings; a large assortment to select from. Specially Priced at 50c

Men's Bath Robes, made of best quality bath robe flannel, attractively finished, many styles and colorings. \$4.98 to \$7.98

Men's Suspenders, Arm Bands and Hose Supporters, packed singly in holiday boxes and in combination boxes, in an extensive assortment of styles and colors to choose from. 35c to \$1.48
Men's Pocket Books, Purses and Billfolds in a new assortment for the holiday. A charming variety to select from. Reasonably Priced 25c to 98c
Men's Umbrellas a large variety, a fine selection of handles to choose from attractively priced. Attractively Priced \$1.98 to \$4.98
Men's Traveling Bags made of excellent quality selected leather, black and tan. Priced according to quality. \$5.98 to \$14.98

Christmas in the Infants' Dept.

A bewildering display of everything suited for baby's Christmas gifts.

Baby Rattles, in an entirely new assortment of cute little things in a multitude of shapes. 25c, 39c and 50c

Brush, Comb and Powder box sets in white, blue and pink. Attractively hand painted acceptable and useful gifts.

Per set 98c to \$1.98
Coat Hangers, Teething Rings, Robe Hangers, Floating Toys, etc., in a large assortment. All Attractively Priced.

Bootees, made of fine wool, attractively trimmed in silk and wool combinations. 25c to 98c
Bonnetts of silk and wool, in a variety of cute styles. 50c to \$1.98

Saques, all hand-made cute little styles. Wool and silk trimmed. 98c to \$1.98

Bath Robes, in pink and blue; plain and figured 98c and \$1.25
Baby Bunting in a fine assortment, white and colors. \$1.98 and \$2.98

Baby Blankets, white, pink and blue, plain colors and small designs. 39c to \$2.98
Teddy bear suits, for children up to six years. In all colors. \$4.98 to \$7.50

Sweaters for Children up to six years. Made of brushed wool and plain knit. \$1.98 to \$3.98
Toques for the children, in a fine assortment—light and dark colors. 50c to \$1.25

Bath Robes and Kimonos

Always Useful and One of the Most Acceptable Christmas Gifts.

Beacon Bathrobes for women. Some plain tailored, others attractively trimmed with ribbon. All sizes and colors. \$3.98 to \$7.98

Corridor Bath Robes, in a large assortment. All the popular colorings, some are beautifully lined with silk. Priced according to quality. \$4.98 to \$9.95
Silk Kimonos, made of crepe de chine and satin, attractively trimmed. Some are lined and quilted. An unusual variety. \$9.95 to \$25

Men's Bath Robes, in light, medium and dark colorings attractively finished. All sizes. \$3.98 to \$7.98

Bath Robes for boys and girls, sizes from 8 to 14 years; medium and dark colorings; large assortment. \$2.98 and \$3.98

Children's Bath Robes, in the smaller sizes from 2 to 6 years, in light, medium and dark colorings; attractive styles. 98c to \$2.98

Christmas Dolls

A large section of the downstairs store is now given over to the display of dolls. It is an inspiring sight, especially when one looks into the happy faces of little girls to see just the kind of a dolly they would like for Christmas.

Undressed Dolls in all sizes, jointed, with life-like faces, cute wigs and eyelashes. Priced according to size 65c to \$2.98

Kid Body Dolls in two sizes, a beautifully made doll. Specially Priced 98c and \$1.48

Mamma Dolls, with life-like faces, cute little dresses and bonnets to match; the best values we have ever shown. 98c to \$1.98

Dressed Dolls in a bewildering variety, from the cute little dolls 6 inches high up to large dolls; attractive dresses of cotton and silk.

Reasonably Priced 60c to \$2.48
Stockette Dolls with life-like faces, cute little dresses. Very soft and practically indestructible; good for small children. Usually sold at 50c to 75c. Special Christmas Price 39c

Teddy Bears, large size and good quality. Specially Priced 98c

Sweet Grass Baskets

Your Christmas shopping would not be complete without selecting a few of these beautiful little baskets.

Trinket Baskets, in the smaller sizes; several shapes. Special at 25c

Larger Baskets, made of sweet grass, with touches of colored straw; very attractive. 50c to 98c

Underarm and Work Baskets, in small, medium and large sizes. 75c to \$1.25

Sewing Baskets, in several shapes and designs; very attractive. 75c to \$1.48

Sewing Sets, in attractive boxes; two grades. 98c and \$1.48

Attractive Leather Goods

Gifts made of leather should appear on every gift list. Our assortment meets every plan of expenditure. Variety is at its Christmas best. The quality of each piece of leather is absolutely reliable. Good taste and good value. Traveling Bags for men. Made of cowhide. Plain and grained in shades of tan and black. \$5.98 to \$14.95

Traveling Bags for women. In a smaller size. Smart styles. Made of dependable leather. \$5.98 to \$14.95

Hand Bags, made of leather in an extensive assortment, assorted grained leather. 98c to \$1.98

Hand Bags of the better grade. Made of the finest leather, some tastefully fitted. \$2.98 to \$6.98

Children's Hand Bags, in cute little styles that appeal to a little tot. Specially Priced 25c to 98c

Underarm Bags, one of the most popular items in leather goods. A large assortment of shapes, sizes and colors. \$1.98 to \$6.98

Men's Bill Folds, made of fine assorted leather; tan, brown and black. 50c to \$1.98

Men's Purses and Pocket Books. In large assortment. Made of good leather. 25c to \$1.50

Men's Card Cases and Pass Books in assorted leathers. 50c to 98c

Men's Cigarette Cases in tan and black. An attractive item for holiday. Specially Priced 39c

Playing Cards, in leather cases, Assorted leathers. An attractive item. 75c and 98c

Combs in leather cases. Reasonably priced. 25c and 50c

Children's Pocket Books and Purses, for either boy or girl. Attractive little items. 10c to 25c

GIFTS FOR MEN—Cont'd.

Men's Hosiery in silk and wool; plain colors and high-class novelties, a large variety. 50c to \$1.98

Gloves for Men in an unusual assortment, consisting of warm wool gloves, kid gloves and wool lined kid gloves; the quality and variety is exceptional and the prices are most reasonable, ranging from 50c to \$2.98

J. E. MANN

BRATTLEBORO

VERMONT

Christmas Goods

We are Stocked with a Splendid Line of Christmas Goods, and invite your inspection.

Glass and China Department

In our Glass and China department you will find some beautiful goods, including Tango Tea Sets in all colors, Chip Glass Iced Tea Sets in colors, Lustre Ware in all colors, Hand Painted China.

SPECIAL SALE of Novelty Gift Boxes
at 13 cents each, 2 for 25 cents
Japanese China Cups and Saucers at 19c.

Don't Fail to Make Your Selection of
Christmas Cards
From our New Stock of Latest Designs.
All Styles and Prices.

LOOK! LOOK!
Aluminum Ware
At The Lowest Prices Ever Heard Of.

GEORGE N. KIDDER

FOR REAL BARGAINS SEE KIDDER FIRST
Telephone 31-12

NORTHFIELD

MASSACHUSETTS

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

GREENFIELD
MASS.

1822

Fortunes Lost in Seven Years

Statistic show that the average inheritance lasts only seven years.
How long will your heirs keep the money you bequeath?

An agreement of trust with this institution will be a real safeguard against extravagance and dangerous investments.

Let us give you particulars.

Every Department is at Your Service

Checking Accounts	Savings Accounts
Investments	Foreign Department
Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent	

The Winchester National Bank

WINCHESTER, N. H.

RADIO

We have the following Receivers in stock for quick delivery:

Freed Elsmann Neutrodyne with five tubes batteries and loud speaker.	\$225.00
Murdock Neutrodyne with five tubes, batteries and loud speaker.	\$200.00
Grebe CR-14 with three tubes, batteries and loud speaker.	\$140.00
Radiola 3-A with four tubes, batteries and loud speaker.	\$100.00
Radiola 3 with two tubes, batteries and two pairs of head phones.	\$50.00

The above prices include installing in your home ready to use.

You are welcome at our Radio Parlor at any time to hear these receivers.

H. A. REED & SON

NORTHFIELD MASS.

Sunday Evening, December 14, 7.30 P. M.

The Trinitarian Congregational Church

United Christmas Carol Service

AT SAGE CHAPEL

No Evening Service in the Church

A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL

Chickering Pianos

Vose and Sons' Pianos

Amplio Reproducing Player

Barber's Music Store
Wilder Building, Brattleboro, Vt.

Full Library of
Victor and Edison
Records

L. H. Barber, Prop.

Victrolas
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BRATTLEBORO

A Progressive Town
Up-to-date Stores
Trade in Brattleboro
Live in Brattleboro
Bank in Brattleboro

Vermont-Peoples National Bank
Brattleboro, Vermont.

Steam Heated Garage

For Winter Storage of Cars, including tuning up in the Spring. General repairs and overhauling done on short notice by our mechanic, Herbert A. Reed.
Storage of Batteries.

Tires and Other Accessories for sale at
Lowest Prices.

The Northfield Livery

Furnishes for rent open and closed Motor Cars and Busses

The East Northfield Transfer

Meets all principal trains at East Northfield Station between 7 a.m. and 10 p.m.; others upon notification.

The Northfield

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Telephone 61-2 or 44.



Don't Fail to Visit
Our Gift Shop
before Buying

Chinese Linen
Italian Pottery
Bulb Bowls
Hand Painted China
Stamp Goods for embroidery
Leather Goods
Bags and Booklets

Fancy Candles and Candle
Sticks
Arts and Crafts Pins
Handkerchiefs at all prices
Gifts from 15c up
GORDAN AND SUTERITE
SILK ROSE

Green Gate
Tea Room and
Gift Shop

We Want to See Old Santa Claus



ANNUAL MEETING OF NORTHFIELD RED CROSS

Elect Officers for 1925 and October Meeting Voted.

The annual meeting of the Northfield branch of Red Cross was held at Dickinson library on Tuesday evening. Mrs. C. H. Webster, who has served as chairman the past year, presided and a report of the campaign for Red Cross membership was presented by A. A. Thresher.

The following were elected officers for the coming year: Chairman, Mrs. Webster; vice chairman, Mrs. W. E. Moody; secretary, Mrs. C. E. Williams; treasurer, Mrs. George Pfeiffer.

The following are the Red Cross Executive, F. W. Kellogg, A. P. Fitt, Mrs. N. P. Wood, Rev. R. E. Griffith, emergency, Mrs. R. H. Philbrick, Miss Annie Campbell, Miss Wilkes, Dr. N. P. Wood, A. A. Thresher, publicity, Mrs. F. B. Caldwell, A. P. Fitt, Miss Sally Minot. It was voted to hold a meeting in October, 1925, to make preparations for the membership drive that it may begin on Armistice Day.

Evening Auxiliary.

On December 5, 1924, the Home Mission branch of the Evening Auxiliary, met at the Congregational church with 31 present.

Miss Ona Evans, field secretary of the Home Mission board in Massachusetts, talked about some of the problems of our missionary work. She told particularly of the work of the three missionaries that Franklin County supports: Rosenda Montoya, among the Spanish and Indians in New Mexico; Rev. Adolf Yuki, among the Czech-Slovakians in Minnesota; and Rev. Roland Heacock, among the negroes in Brockton, Mass.

On a visit to Heath lately, Miss Evans learned that once the population of Heath was 1,000, and that they gave \$1,000 to the founding of Mount Holyoke college.

During the talk the members made 934 gauze sponges for surgical work.

The Fortnightly.

The Fortnightly held its regular meeting on Friday afternoon with Mrs. Mary McDonald presiding. After the business meeting the program was in charge of Mrs. T. R. Callender.

Miss Marston, of the Seminary played two splendid piano selections, one at the beginning and one at the close of the program.

Mrs. C. E. Dickerson entertained the members delightfully for an hour with a very comprehensive description of their trip to Greece. The fine photographs of the famous ruins and beautiful scenery of the country were greatly enjoyed by everyone. Mrs. Dickerson spoke of their trip to the battlefields of Marathon and of the wonderful old ruins they saw in Greece. She told of the exceptional beauty of the spots the Greeks chose for their temples.

Christmas Carol Service.

Next Sunday evening a Christmas Carol service will be held at Russell Sage chapel, at 7.30 p.m. The Estey chorus, Vesper choir, violin students and members of the music faculty will contribute to the program.

For several years this impressive service has been greatly enjoyed and as usual Northfield people are invited to attend. No service will be held at the Congregational church Sunday evening. President W. R. Moody will give the Christmas message.

Boys' Brigade.

The Boys' Brigade will hold an open night this evening at Skinner gymnasium. The chief features are moving pictures at 7.45 and a game of basket ball with a team from Barnardston at 9 o'clock. There will also be a military drill.

The pictures to be shown are: Pete by Proxy, 2 reels; Along the Moonbeam Trail, 2 reels; Glaciers, 1 reel; Taking bumps out of the ocean, 1 reel. All interested are invited.

REPORT OF ANNUAL RED CROSS DRIVE

With Many Calls for Contributions Result is Good.

The annual drive of the Red Cross in Northfield was completed the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, with a very satisfactory result, considering the many other calls at about the same time. Following are the amounts raised by the different leaders:

Seminary campus, Miss Marjorie Ewing, \$100.32; State line to Wanamaker Lake, Mrs. J. A. Stebbins, \$7.00; Winchester road to Birthplace, Mr. George Carr, \$15.00; Main St. from Wanamaker Lake to Congregational church with side streets, Mrs. C. E. Bittinger, \$39.00; Birnam road and side streets, Mrs. Lena Moor, \$18.25; Highland Ave., Mrs. F. A. Holton, \$40.00; Hotel and cottages to Birnam road, Miss E. A. Hess, \$46.00; Main street, west side from Congregational church to Webster block, with side streets west including Parker Ave., Mrs. D. L. Hoxie, \$18.00; Main St. east side from Congregational church to Proctor block, including School St. and streets south to Maple, Miss Beattie Conklin, \$12.00; Warwick Ave. with streets south to Maple, Miss Marion Webster, \$13.00; Main St., south from fountain to Maple St. with side streets south and Plain St., Mrs. E. C. Morgan, \$21.00; District 3, Charles A. Parker, \$9.00; Lower Farms, Mrs. Robert McNeil, \$4.00; Bennett Bridge to Dickinson hall, Mrs. H. W. Nims, \$11.00; Dickinson hall to State line, Mrs. W. M. Hillard, \$14.00; Toll Bridge to East Northfield Depot, Miss Gladys French, \$1.00; 353 annual memberships, \$1.00 each, \$353.00; 1 contributing membership, \$.50; contributions in amounts less than \$1.00, \$10.57; Total, \$368.57.

Death of Mrs. Alice Parsons.

Mrs. Alice Parsons died at Grenfield hospital Wednesday night after several weeks illness. For about four years, she has been housekeeper at The Northfield. She leaves her daughter Miss Winifred Parsons a graduate of the seminary in 1924, and now a freshman at Mount Holyoke college; and son Norman Parsons graduate of Mount Herman in 1923, and is now a sophomore at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The funeral was held at the Congregational church on Thursday at 10 o'clock, with Rev. F. W. Pattison officiating.

Mrs. Parsons was born in Washington, Mass., 55 years ago. Her husband, William N. Parsons was a draughtsman in his native city of Northampton, where Mrs. Parsons will be buried. Previous to Mrs. Parsons' coming here she was the housekeeper of Williams Inn at Williamstown. She was a member of the local Congregational church. Her son and daughter have been at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Moody this week.

Reception to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ware gave a reception Tuesday evening for their granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tyler, who have recently returned from their wedding trip. Over fifty guests were present to congratulate the happy couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ware received with them.

They received over \$300 in money and many gifts for their home, which fit in the Sanborn block in East Northfield.

Leon Dunsell rendered piano selections and refreshments of cake, ice cream and punch were served. The bride wore a gown of butter-nut brown chamuse trimmed with fur, and carried pink roses.

The Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood holds their annual game supper next Tuesday evening at the church vestry. This is also Ladies night.

Santa Claus Was Here



THE Christmas Party

By Eleanor King

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE odor of soup prevailed throughout the two rooms which constituted the home of Mrs. Pourrez, and her three children, namely Raoul, the eldest, Henrietta, the middle, and Louise the youngest.

"Tonight," mused Mrs. Pourrez, "is the anniversary of our coming to America. Three years have passed, and we still have not found Andre. The lady at the settlement house told me to be sure and come to the Christmas party because many people come to that who never come throughout the year. She said I might meet him."

"Oul, ma mere, do go," said Raoul, "I do wish we could find father. We would have the happiest Christmas we could imagine."

Mrs. Pourrez' work kept her quite late in the evening. Her tasks were heavy. She was endeavoring to send her three children to school and support their little home.

"Mere," said Raoul, "we shall put our candle in the window to welcome you when you return, and please may we sit up to see whether our father returns with you by chance?"

"Si vous voulez," said his mother, lapsing back into her native tongue. "If we wish? Of course we do," chorused the children.

Mrs. Pourrez's husband, Andre, had left his wife and family to come to America to try and better himself. He left with a promise to find a cozy home and to save money for their passage.

Three and a half years ago world had come that, by saving, and good, hard work, the house had been secured and awaited their arrival. But no Mr. Pourrez was there to meet them, as planned, on their arrival into this country. The poor mother, broken-hearted, had had to start out and earn a living to keep her family. And so each Christmas, the anniversary of their arrival, she looked to meet her husband.

Now she hurriedly made her way toward the settlement house, arrayed in

her best attire. Her hopes were running high. The games had already begun. The settlement house was a babel of voices. The faces in that rather mixed crowd were all beaming with delight as they forgot their many woes in the games they were playing. But one face in that picture lost its gaiety as the crowd was carefully scanned. She saw no Andre. Her hopes were shattered.

The games continued. Finally some one proposed that the different nationalities get together in groups and give one of their respective country's dances. The Italians started the fun, the French were to be next. The dance to be given was decided upon and the music commenced. A door opened at the back of the hall. A man appeared. A settlement house worker ushered him in, saying:

"You are just in time to join the French dance, Mr. —"

A woman came bounding forth. "Andre!" she cried, and she was lost in the two huge arms which encircled her.

"Where have you been?" was all the poor woman could gasp in her joy.

Christmas morning found the Pourrez family reunited in their new home. Around the table the family was gathered, gazing at Andre Pourrez. He was telling how illness had kept him lying delirious in a hospital for months and at the time when their boat was due in America. Every year he had gone to every settlement house Christmas party in the hope of finding them. That was why he had been so late in arriving last evening. It was the last party on his list to visit. And now, how happy they all were.

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Why He's Cross



This is Grumpy Growler. He's cross as cross can be, because he didn't like the way they trimmed his Christmas tree. —Martha Banning Thomas.

Artaban, Fourth Wise Man of the East

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

ALTHAZAR, Melchior, Kaspar, who followed that bright Christmas star— You know the tale of the Wise Men, who came bearing gifts from afar. Here is the tale of Artaban, the Fourth Wise Man of the East. Who saw not the Babe in the manger, but not of the four was the least! He stopped to succor one dying and lost his companions and way. But ever he pressed his quest onward in hope, though alone and astray. And ever he nursed the ailing and ever the hungry he fed. And ever he clothed the naked wherever his wanderings led. One after another vanished the gifts he had brought for the King— Or homeless, gave them a bed? He cast down his last precious ring. At last a tile struck his temple; Artaban then knew he must die. Lying there, stricken and helpless, his ears heard a Voice from on high Commending his deeds and service. "Not so, Lord!" he cried in amazement. "Long have I sought Thee to serve Thee, but sought Thee in vain all my days. When have I clothed Thee when naked? And when wert Thou hungered and fed? When gave I drink to Thee thirsty? Or homeless, gave Thee a bed?" The Voice replied to his mourning: "Am thou hast done it unto one Of the least of these, my brethren, so unto me it has been done. This is the tale of Artaban, its lesson as strong now as then: 'To God ye do only service as ye may do service to men.'"

MAKING HIS GIFT COUNT

By Frank Herbert Sweet

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

HOW much?" asked the girl in seal-skin coat, with pen poised above her pad. "Remember, it's for our annual bridge club dinner, and we want to outdo all previous efforts. Shall I put down say \$200. There will be an orchestra, and dancing before the collation, and things cost. I am already promised about \$2,000, and want \$2,000 more. Maybe you can manage \$500 this year."

Bob Henderson glanced toward a rather shabby girl who had slipped a few feet down the counter. He had been waiting on her when Miss Bristow pushed a package in front of her. The girl was looking toward him. She had slid a piece of goods back on the counter.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Bristow," he said, "I am waiting on this young lady. 'I'll listen to you in a few moments.'"

Miss Bristow fluttered her eye-lids toward the girl. "The person can wait," she said superciliously. "She is used to it. Now?"

"I don't belong to the club, never been asked to it, wouldn't be considered eligible, and—"

She lifted her eyebrows. "You do not understand. Our set—"

"I understand all right. I'm wondering why I should help pay." "Because we trade with you—"

"Because I have the goods you want, rather."

"You don't seem to realize what an honor it is to be associated with our set even in a donation way," lolly. "How much shall I set down?"

"I'll be with you in a few moments," called Bob to the shabby girl—"or if you're in a hurry I'll end this meaningless talk at once."

"No—no, sir. I've got plenty of time," faltered the girl. "Thank you. Now, Miss Bristow," turning back and speaking crisply. "Last year I gave you a hundred dollars for some charity that wasn't charity, it seems. The trade of your set was welcome; but more, I was young and—easy. This year my trade has been better, and I really can afford \$500 for charity."

"Fine!" she interrupted, though wincing at the word "charity." "Pay it now, or shall I mark it 'promise'?"

"Sorry, but I've been learning things since last year—about charity. Only this forenoon I went to the department store across the street for something, and stood watching the Christmas shoppers for a while, and—but you wouldn't understand a thing like this, Miss Bristow. Only it determined my growing resolution to make what I give count. Helping to feed and amuse a supposedly wealthy card club is not charity; it is foolishness."

"You—beast. You refuse anything?" "Absolutely."

Miss Bristow swung toward the door.

"You will lose the trade of my set," she snapped. "Better that than my self-respect," Bob answered quietly. "And the trade of your set, while welcome, is not essential. Good-by."

He went to the girl and began to unroll the pretty, gray piece of goods she had pushed back.

"About ten yards, I suppose?" he inquired. "I heard you mention that, casually, when you first looked at the goods. For your mother, perhaps, for Christmas."

"I've changed my mind. I will look at something cheaper."

"Considering quality, this is the cheapest goods I have. But I have a little story to tell first. Then I want you to help me. And you mustn't think me impertinent if I say things you won't like. You heard us talking just now?"

"Yes," wondering what was coming, "and I'll listen."

"Then you know my trade has been good enough to allow of a \$500 Christmas offering. I want to make it worth while, and I don't know how. You are familiar with the struggles of shop girls, and with the pathetic side of Christmas buyers, Alice."

The girl looked startled. "I never saw you before," she exclaimed. "How do you know my name?"

"I don't, all of it—just Alice. That is why I used no other. Listen! I went over to the department store this morning, as you heard."

I watched the shoppers. I saw children and women look at inexpensive things wistfully, then turn away. I heard a tired-looking shop girl tell another that she wanted to get a crippled sister to a doctor, but couldn't afford it. Five hundred dollars would do real good there."

The girl's face lighted. "Indeed, it would, Mr. Henderson. I know that girl with a crippled sister. She supports her invalid mother and her small brothers and sisters, and sends some of them to school. And I know others. What wouldn't \$500 do?"

"I feel so, too, Alice. And you're just the one to do it."

"Me?" incredulously. "Why, you don't know me."

"Yes, I do. I was standing near the room manager when he called you up and discharged you. After you went out I heard him say to some one, in a regretful way, that you were one of the best sales girls he ever had, but that you persisted in dressing so shabbily, in spite of repeated warnings, that he was forced to let you go. He wanted only attractively dressed girls."

Alice blushed scarlet. "I have so many to look after that it isn't right to waste on myself," she said in a low voice.

"I understand. I made inquiries about you, and find you are the girl I need. Now, I want you to work for me, Alice, but I shall give you the forenoons during the holidays to expend the \$500 wisely. You may keep a report to show me. Afternoons and evenings I shall want you here. The salary will be \$20 a week."

"I got only \$10 in the department store."

"I always pay \$20. A good girl is worth it. And, oh yes, you must dress nicely. I can take two or three dollars from your wages each week to pay on the things you buy. You'll want at least two dresses for yourself, with shoes, hat and other things. This dress for your mother, and what things you want for the children. You'll come?"

"Yes, indeed."

Tears were slipping down her cheeks. But they were happy ones.

The glorious life of the Christmas tree.

By Mary Graham Bonner

FIRST I was a beautiful tree growing in the woods. Then I became a handsome, decorated Christmas tree, and was admired by everyone.

I shall greet the New Year, and then, I hear I shall be burned in a splendid bonfire. So that I shall end my existence in a blaze of glory!

It is a glorious life that a Christmas tree leads.

The Governor's council ordered the Massachusetts public works department to discontinue branch offices of the motor vehicle registry now established in Fall River, Quincy and Lowell, and disapproved of the request of Commissioner William F. Williams that additional branches be opened in Fitchburg and Greenfield. As a result the only branches which will be in operation after the first of the year will be in Lawrence, Lynn, Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Brockton, and New Bedford, and possibly in Hyannis, on the Cape.

Opponents of the existing Massachusetts primary laws will have an opportunity on the afternoon of Dec. 17 to offer suggestions to a special sub-committee, which is considering changes in the law. This sub-committee, appointed by Chairman Foss as a result of instructions passed by the state convention, will draw up a bill for presentation to the Legislature, recommending primary reform of minor nominations, or in some other manner.

Paragaphs for the New Englander

News of General Interest From the Six States

Percy D. Haughton of Charles River, Needham, Mass., the famous football coach, left a personal estate of \$70,000 and real estate valued at \$4500.

Scotty, mascot at Hose station 16, Branch ave. and Charles st., Providence, R. I., was killed recently and as a mark of respect to his memory the flag on the station was flown at half-staff.

Lee T. Nichols, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Nichols of Waterville, Me., senior at Colby college, dropped dead as he finished his two-laps in an intramural relay race at the college. Medical Examiner John G. Towne, pronounced death due to heart failure.

One shoe and a woolen sock which his mother had knit for him, served as identification marks of the skeleton of John Kilnan, aged 13, of Calais, Me., which was discovered near an old stone wall by two boys while rabbit hunting a mile back in the woods. Kilnan disappeared eight years ago.

Carl J. Snickers, 49, a machinist, his wife, Hilda, and their son, Edwin, all of Worcester, Mass., have petitioned the probate court for permission to assume the name of Hermans. They say their present name is ridiculous and that it will be convenient and agreeable to them to have another name.

Miss Susie Larkin, 27, of Portland, Me., died at the Maine General hospital from burns received in her home when a lamp with which was lighting a match, ignited the fringe of the table cloth. In rushing the burning cloth to the kitchen, her clothing caught fire. Relatives wrapped a rug about her, with but little avail.

Suit for \$4,000,000 was filed in Federal court, Boston, by the Atlantic Corporation of Portsmouth, N. H., against the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. The plaintiff concern charges breach of contract in six counts in the financing and construction some years ago of 10 8800-ton steam vessels.

Miss Mary Ray, 19 year old Milford stenographer, through her father, Hugh Ray, has instituted a \$5000 suit in superior court, Worcester, against P. Eugene Casey, a Milford real estate man. She alleges slander because of remarks and comparisons alleged to have been made by Mr. Casey after Miss Ray had her hair bobbed.

In an ally on Water st., Worcester, Mass., Walter F. Reynolds of Shrewsbury stumbled over a bundle which contained two legs. He immediately notified the police headquarters and for a few minutes excitement reigned. Visions of a brutal crime came to minds. Then Walter informed the police of the slight detail that the legs were artificial.

Theodore Abair, Cherry Valley, Mass., woodchopper, has just discovered that his wife, Bessie, 24, has been missing for a month. He thought she had gone to visit relatives in Vermont, but the relatives informed him that they had not seen her. She took her 16-months old baby girl with her, said Adair, in his report to the police.

Game Warden Fred R. Ziegler and William W. Sargood saw an albino deer while they were en route to an eastern Berkshire, Mass., town to investigate the killing of a 700-pound cow moose. The deer, white as the snow in the woods, stopped and looked at them for a few minutes, then vanished into a thicket. The wardens urge hunters to spare the albino.

The Fort Andrews recommended for sale by the Secretary of War is not the Fort Andrews located in Boston harbor, near Hull. Fort Andrews is located at the entrance to Plymouth harbor and has not been used by the War Department since 1884. It is a small spot, embracing about 6 acres of land. For a number of years the fort has been used as the quarters for a life-saving crew. Sale of the location has been approved by the army officials for some time.

A sleigh stage coach, 120 years old, has been purchased by Henry Ford from Austin E. Greene of City Mills, Mass., and will be added to the Ford collection of New England antiques at the Wayside Inn, at Sudbury. The stage coach formerly was in service between Boston and Worcester. It seats 20 passengers, 12 inside and 8 on top. In recent years it has been used to transport children to and from the City Mills public schools.

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The Morris Ochs family and the Solomon Ochs family, both of Milford, Mass., were given the right to change their family name to Smith, by Judge William T. Forbes in Probate court. The decree ended a legal controversy which had been waged for more than a year. Morris and Solomon are step-brothers, both natives of Russia. Morris came to this country several years ago and established himself in the shoe business in Milford, where he built up considerable trade by extensive advertising as "Smith, the wonderful shoeman." Morris brought Solomon to this country from Russia, and boarded him free for six months after his arrival, and later took him into business with him.

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The Morris Ochs family and the Solomon Ochs family, both of Milford, Mass., were given the right

The Christmas Peddler

By JOHN PALMER

(© 1934, Western Newspaper Union.)

ONLY a few people saw the incongruity of it. Abramowitz, in his long, greenish overcoat and the fur cap flattening his ears, had Christmas toys on his pushcart. There were few Jewish people in the Fourth district, though they were beginning to crowd the Irish hard on the outskirts. And the Irish thought it the most natural thing that old Abramowitz should sell Christmas toys.

Why not? All the youngsters wanted toys. There were red devils, firecrackers that you stamped under foot and they went off with a succession of explosions that never came to an end. There were wonderful dolls, and stockings full of sweetmeats, and Christmas cards so cheap. Everybody bought of Abramowitz. It was the first sign of Christmas when little Mike or Dan would call across the street: "Hey, the old Christmas Jew's coming with his pushcart."

Only this year the month wore on toward Christmas and there was no sign of Abramowitz. It was the 20th of December. Suddenly at the end of the street, the cry was raised: "The Christmas Jew's coming!"

Out they tumbled into the street, all the little Mikes and Dons and Noras. Then a surprise awaited them. This wasn't Abramowitz—it was another Christmas Jew, with a forked, black beard and malicious eyes. And his wares—well, they might have been all right, but they weren't the kind old Abramowitz had brought. And, somehow, nobody wanted to buy from this young man.

"Hey, where's Mr. Abramowitz?"
"He's ill. He ain't coming no more."
"What's the matter with him?"
"Ill in hospital. Very ill. No come back. I buy his beesness."

But the business that the young man who had supplanted old Abramowitz did was singularly meager. Abramowitz had been a feature of the neighborhood so long. Except at Christmas time he was simply a peddler, passing along the street with old clothes and ties and cheap jewelry, but at Christmas he took on a peculiar atmosphere among the denizens of Cherry Hill. No, this wasn't their Christmas Jew.

Next day the young man was back again, but still business was meager. And he walked up and down, pushing his cart, a scowl upon his face. Why

howling down the street, pursued by a regular phalanx of Dons and Mikes and Pheasants.

"Chreestmas toys, Chreestmas toys," whispered Abramowitz, pushing his nearly denuded cart along the road.

"You come back next Christmas?"

"Sure, sure! Always come back!" whispered Abramowitz.

They watched him over the top of Cherry Hill. They did not know that he was going back to the hospital. Nor would they know that he had died there, until next Christmas found him missing. But there would be no rival next Christmas in Cherry Hill.

Mr. Goodwill Ends War

By Christopher G. Hazard

(© 1934, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE fields sparkled as though covered with diamond dust, the hills looked like big frosted cakes and, as the wind chased them about, the snow particles gleamed like winter fireflies or tiny meteors. It was a brightly beautiful December morning.

But Mr. Goodwill was not looking at the pictures that Mr. Frost had painted upon his windows, or, through as much clear glass as was left, upon the white landscape; his eyes were fixed upon the paper that lay before him upon his desk, and his thoughts searched for an illustration of the idea that he strove to express. For Frank Goodwill was at work upon the article that was not only to win an offered prize but also to end war.

He was not in a peaceful state of mind, for destiny, which had run him up against several disagreeable people of late, had ruffled him again that morning by confronting him at the post office with the most disagreeable one of them all. Wondering why he had so often to meet people whom he wanted to avoid, he had almost quenched the Christmas glow that had begun to exhilarate his heart.

"Merry Christmas"

OF Christmas past let us remember now
Only the smiles, forgetting all the tears,
Only the hopes, forgetting all the fears,
Life's way is all too long, that we should bow
Beneath the ancient burdens of dead years.

OF Christmas in the future let us speak
Only with courage, looking for the best,
Only with hope, leaving to faith the rest,
Life's way is all too short that we should seek
To dim its brightness at our own behest.

And in the present Christmas, let us give
All help, from care the suffering to release,
All zeal, to share our happiness and peace,
For life is long enough for love to live,
And short enough for bitterness to cease.

It was not, therefore, with pleasure that he greeted a visitor when the door opened and admitted Hiram Grudge, for Hiram and he had not been upon speaking terms for years and there was still an unspeakable objection to him as he stood there, uninvited to have a seat.

But there seemed to be something unusual the matter with Hiram as he attempted to speak, halted and was silent and downcast, and there began to be something the matter with Lawyer Goodwill as, with broken voice and hesitating utterance, his enemy laid a burden of trouble before him. There came into the lawyer's mind one of the treasured sayings of a wise man of the past, "I know that the man does not love me, but I am resolved to wish him well until I get the better of him," and he rose and took his adversary by the hand.

Returning to his task, Mr. Goodwill discovered that he had found his illustration!

Nearness of the Big Day

Christmas is close enough for the small boy to begin counting the days, but Santa Claus began making overtures a month ago.

It Must Be

Any turkey that can survive Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's is a tough old bird.

Join Our Christmas Savings Club

We have Classes to Fit Every Purse

A cordial welcome awaits you and we will be pleased to assist you to prepare for next Christmas. The only safe and sure way to have enough money for next Christmas is to join our Christmas Club.

Vermont-Peoples National Bank

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Gifts for Men and Boys

"Naught can Compare with Things to Wear"

Properly selected, things to wear make the ideal gifts. At the "Big Store" we know what Men and Boys like. You're sure to please if your selection comes from Carson & Co.

ATTRACTIVE GIFT BOXES FREE



Our assortment is unusually large in all things to wear for men.

Moderately Priced

and

Quality Guaranteed

GIFTS that wise parents will give their boys are are things to wear.

A warm sweater or new suit, in fact anything to wear can be found in our Boy's Department.



Warm Serviceable Sweaters

Gloves
Knickers
Mufflers
Stockings

Everything for winter sports or cold weather wear, for work, dress or play; make the ideal gift.

"Naught can Compare with Things to Wear"

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Carson & Co.

"The Big Store"

Corner
Main and Miles Sts.
Greenfield, Mass.

Shop Early For Christmas

Corner
Main and Miles Sts.
Greenfield, Mass.

Shop Early in the Day



There Was Abramowitz.

didn't anybody want to buy? He had been told it was a splendid opportunity to cut in on his rival's trade. He couldn't understand it.

The twenty-second came. Somehow nobody quite lost faith in Abramowitz turning up. It seemed impossible that the old man wouldn't have notified somebody. But the twenty-third came.

Suddenly little Dan ran screaming up the street: "Hey, fellers, the Christmas Jew's come back!"

Out they poured—Mike, Dan, Nora and Kitty. There was Abramowitz, his pushcart loaded with the choicest selection of Christmas toys that had ever come into Cherry Hill. And Abramowitz himself, in his green overcoat and fur cap, looking no more than the shadow of his former self.

He had come out of the hospital a week before they wanted to dismiss him. He wasn't going to let his Christmas customers be disappointed. And now his barrow was almost empty.

"Chreestmas toys!" Up the street came the rival pushcart man, calling his wares and scowling. He stopped opposite Abramowitz and glared at him.

"Say, what you want to butt in on my trade for?" he demanded, advancing with truculent gestures.

That was a time in Cherry Hill. In an instant the young rival's pushcart was stripped of its contents. Dolls, stockings, Santa Clauses, Christmas cards went flying over the street. And the young rival "Christmas Jew" went

Do Your Shopping

BELOW is the Handkerchief Section of our big four-page Christmas Bulletin, now ready for mailing. If you've not already received a copy, drop us a postal and we'll be glad to send immediately.



A Whole Year Has Been Spent In Assembling This Array of Christmas Handkerchiefs

Once-at-least-in-every-Christmas-list-are-handkerchiefs, *the gift versatile*. Colored handkerchiefs still lead in popularity as witness our display of over 100 designs at the price of 25 cents.

Hand-embroidery continues in favor, whether in color or in all white. Gift handkerchiefs for children find the usual animal designs supplemented by familiar figures. Pure linen handkerchiefs, colors, silks and initials, for men, are here at unusually low prices.

Select your Christmas Handkerchiefs from Houghton & Simonds—where there is a collection of probably greater distinction and more comprehensive variety than is to be found in any other retail shop in the state.

Plain Hemstitched Linen and Swiss Women's

AN UNUSUAL VARIETY

Women's and Children's Fine Swiss, at 5¢ and 10¢

Women's Pure Linen, Hemstitched, 1-16 inch hems, Special at 12½¢

Women's Fine Linen, imported, 3 for 50¢, 17¢ each

Women's Imported Hemstitched Linen, in both sheer and cambric weights, 1-8 and 1-16 inch hems. All shire stitched, at 25¢, 39¢ and 50¢

Beautiful Linen Handkerchiefs, with 1-16 inch hems. A fine, light weight cambric. Shire stitched, Special Value at 50¢

Women's Embroidered Handkerchiefs

Featuring the Beautiful, New Colored Novelties

AT 5¢ and 10¢—Splendid variety hemstitched with white and colored embroidery.

AT 12½¢—A wonderful variety of new embroidered handkerchiefs, including scores of colored novelties, in solid colors, ponzes or embroidered in colors.

AT 17¢, 3 for 50¢—Scores of new patterns, with white and colored embroidery. A range of imported demi-linen handkerchiefs with beautiful eyelet embroidery in many designs. Newest colors, including checks.

AT 25¢—A wealth of lovely new novelties in colors. Over a hundred designs in Swiss and linen with colored embroidery. A delightful new line of all linen colors with handsome Porto Rico hand-embroidery. White and colored Madeira edge patterns. Also a wide assortment of all white linen with white embroidery. All silk ponzes with colored embroidery.

AT 50¢—White Linen Handkerchiefs, hand embroidered in white. And a wonderful showing of colored novelties from Ireland and Switzerland and the Porto Rico hand-embroidery. Several patterns, all linen, white embroidered, one in a triangular gift box.

AT 75¢ and \$1.00—Beautiful hand-embroidered handkerchiefs in white and colors. Lace edges and lace insets in exclusive patterns.

AT 50¢ to \$1.98—A splendid assortment of all linen Madeira hand-embroidered handkerchiefs. Especially attractive, the showing at \$1.00.

Women's Handkerchiefs In Gift Boxes

Three in a box, white and colored embroidered. AT 50¢ Box—A dozen styles both white and colored embroidery. AT 75¢, \$1 and \$1.50 Box—A choice collection of finer handkerchiefs. Many all-linen.

Initial Handkerchiefs For Women, Men and Children

Women's and Children's White Handkerchiefs, with ¼-inch colored borders in pink, blue and lavender, with colored initials to match. Only 12½¢ each

Women's Pure Linen Initials, six in box, 25¢ each

Women's Pure Linen Initials, six in box, 50¢ each

Men's Hemstitched Initials, six in box, Very fine. Only 12½¢ each

Men's Initials, new white with woven colored border and colored letter. Three in box, assorted tan, blue and lavender. Special at \$1 a box

Men's All Linen Initials, six in box, Only 25¢ each

Men's All Linen Initials, six in a box, 50¢ each

Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs

In Cotton, Linen and Silk

Every quality has been most carefully selected and the values this season at each price will surprise you.

Men's Fine Cotton Handkerchiefs at 5¢

Men's Splendid Hemstitched Cotton Handkerchiefs at 10¢

Men's Fine, Soft Finish Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Special at 12½¢

Men's Hemstitched with Satin Stripes Borders, assorted stripes, Special at 12½¢

Men's Fine White Satin Stripes, hemstitched, 17¢, 3 for 50¢, box of 12, \$2

Men's Pure Linen, Hemstitched, Last year's 30¢ quality, Special at 25¢

Men's Pure Linen, Hemstitched, Special at 39¢, 6 for \$2.25

Men's Pure Linen, Hemstitched, shire stitched, Special at 50¢

Men's Fine Imported Hemstitched, shire stitched, hand-drawn hems, 75¢ and \$1.00

Men's Pure Linen Satin Stripes Borders, hemstitched at 50¢

Men's Colored Linen, hand-embroidered stripes, at 12½¢ and 15¢

Men's Pure Linen, hand-embroidered stripes, at 12½¢ and 15¢

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Handkerchiefs for Children

Children's Colored Handkerchiefs, in scores of new designs 5¢

Children's White Handkerchiefs, with narrow colored borders 5¢

Children's Fancy Boxes of 3 Handkerchiefs, usually embroidered in colored figures. A dozen styles, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 box

Children's Boxes of Seven Handkerchiefs, embroidered for each day in the week—white with colored embroidery \$1 box

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Christmas Day in Own Home

By STELL COOK ELIOT

Mother, Father and Children Have Special Gigs at Family Feast

"I AM ALMOST glad we're not going to our Grand-mother's for Christmas this year," Mrs. Will confessed to Mr. Will a week before that great day. "Do you realize we've never had a Christmas here in our own home, just ourselves and our family?"

"Yes, I've been thinking of that," Mr. Will replied. "Let's keep it just ourselves, and give the kiddies one truly home Christmas to remember."

As usual, Mr. and Mrs. Will were in complete agreement in their ideas and emotions. Mrs. Will sighed contentment, too; for after all, such harmony as theirs is not so common in this workaday world of wives and husbands.

But as Christmas day grew nearer and nearer Mrs. Will suddenly realized she was nursing a sick conscience. There was something she had not the heart to confide to Mr. Will. Now, Mr. Will had a sick conscience, too. There was something he had not the heart to confide to Mrs. Will.

But fortunately everything was straightened out before Christmas, that day of peace, dawned.

Billy, their oldest, didn't know what the word conscience meant. Of course he had heard mother and father whispering about how nice a strictly family Christmas would be.

He hadn't heard them, but perhaps he hadn't understood their sentiment. Anyway, at luncheon, two days before Christmas, he suddenly blurted, "Say, Mom, I've asked Jim Larkin to our Christmas dinner and the tree. You know his folks are in Europe, and he's just staying on at the school. Thought he'd like it here better. More homelike."

"Oh, bother, Billy," Lucy cried—

thirteen-year-old Lucy. "You asked Patty Brown. She hasn't any folks anywhere, even in Europe. Just that snobbish great-aunt who's giving a big house party, all old folks, and doesn't want Patty around. She needs a home Christmas more than your Jim!"

Father was eyeing mother anxiously. Her bright smile amused him. "Well, I'm sure there's room for them both. I am glad you have such kind hearts, children."

But now Mr. Will spoke timidly. "I'm sorry, mother, but I, too, have asked a guest. Couldn't help it some how! That young Miller at the office. He's so cut up about his mother's death, and a boarding house is a dreary place to spend Christmas." Mr. Will's voice was timorous, almost pleading.

But Mrs. Will's bright smile had now turned to a calm, relieved one. "Oh, that's splendid, dear," she said. "For, do you know, I myself have invited that pretty little Gladys Haven-ill. She looked so woe-begone when I met her at the grocer's Saturday and asked her whether she was going home for Christmas. She said a poor school teacher couldn't travel way across a continent even for a Christmas at home. What could I do! And do you know I've always thought Gladys and Ted Miller ought to meet. They're such nice young people—and Gladys is so pretty!"

So that's what happened to the Will's precious family Christmas. But not one of the Will's felt that he had been cheated of anything. On the contrary! And Mr. and Mrs. Will are in closer harmony than ever. You see, they are the same sort of people—not a too common thing in workaday life. And Billy and Lucy are growing up rather like them.

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Might Have Been Worse

"What did your wife give you for Christmas?"

"Nothing."

"That was tough."

"Well, it might have been a necktie or a smoking jacket."

Visit The HOLIDAY BAZAAR

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Visit The HOLIDAY STORE

Basement

Mail Orders Extra preparations have been made for handling the Christmas mail orders. There is always the satisfaction of shopping by mail with Houghton & Simonds and knowing that your order will be carefully and promptly handled. Your orders are given individual care. Every sample request receives the same prompt attention as an order.

A Fourth of July Santa Claus

By Eleanor E. King

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

IT WAS the great day of the Fourth of July, and Tommy, like all the other seven children of the busy Allister family was out bright and early. Tommy had a great friend in the lady next door. So, Tommy had learned, and, by the way, kept it a safe secret from the rest of the troop, that when his stomach growled too loudly, if he were to go to next door he

Who Loves Santa Claus?



Glenderson & Underwood

Grandma's Christmas

By Frank Herbert Sweet

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



but with picture shows an' dancin'—I don't know."

She cleaned her wrinkled and capable hands from the dough and turned to see that the fire and kettle of melted lard were just right. They were. Then with deft, experienced fingers she began to drop twisted bits of dough into the hot lard, which in a few minutes changed them to crisp doughnuts. "Such appetites," she nodded to herself happily. "Sue an' Kate an' May are always just as hungry as Tom an' Win, or even big Sam who's grown up an' staided down to regular work. Five will rush in from school, an' Sam later, an' all will grab up doughnuts. An' how they will eat!" She giggled reminiscently. "I do wish daughter Nell could have lived to see 'em grow up so, even May fourteen, an' her twin Win almost as big's his brother. Nell would have done better by 'em, of course, but I've done my best."

The outer door was flung open and a rush of many feet crowded into the hall. Grandma looked up expectantly. But the feet stopped at the parlor door, and a subdued hubbub of voices arose.

Grandma sighed again, and bent lower over her work. "Them flutters, Rose an' Jenny, from across the way, an' Tom's chum, Andy Smith. Plannin' another dance, likely. I wonder if any one of 'em remembers tomorrow's Christmas? I do wish the flutters—" Grandma cut off what she wished by closing her lips tightly. But only for a minute, then her thoughts went on in a different key. "It won't be a crosspatch the day before Christmas," the moving lips emphasized the change of thought. "They're just bubbly, healthy children, an' Sam's already quieted down from a lively boy, an' the others will in time, an' Rose an' Jenny an' Andy are flutters just because they can't hold in."



"I Won't Be a Crosspatch the Day Before Christmas."

The half-door opened softly, and a fuzzy head and snapping eyes appeared. It was Rose Cady. "What does my nose smell?" she questioned, sniffing. "It tells me I'm hungry. May I come in?"

"Of course, dear."

Rose shot in, one hand outstretched. "May I?" she begged.

"All you can carry," beamed Grandma. "They're just right to eat now, while hot. I wonder why the children—"

The key turned, and a few moments later the sound of strained and heavy steps passed through the front doorway and into the parlor.

"Gettin' ready for a dance, an' that's the Smith music box they're bringin' in. Likely they're up to a lot of deco-

ratin', an' ain't give a thought to Christmas comin'. I wish—no, they're just high-spirited young folks makin' ready for a good time. That's all."

But in spite of herself there was a shadow on Grandma's face the rest of the day. She had hoped for a big surprise Christmas dinner, all to themselves, with no intruders.

She mixed and baked until after midnight, then slipped through the side door to her room. She was awakened by a slight step.

"W-h-y, Grandma," reproved the merry voice of Kate. "Nine o'clock and you're still in bed. Not ill, are you?" with a sudden note of anxiety. "No," apologized Grandma—"just overslept."

"All right. Merry Christmas! And come right into the hall when you're dressed. You may look now."

Grandma rose hurriedly. She heard the voices of Rose and Jenny Cady, and even Ed's.

"Not even a family Christmas together," her thought deplored. "And here so early means a lot more fixin' for the dance. I'd like—for 'em to have a nice time, of course," the thought finished loyally. "Young folks need pleasure."

As she opened the door to the hall there came low strains of music. Grandma looked startled for a moment, then a soft flush of pleased surprise came to her face. It was a Christmas hymn they had been accus-



A Christmas Hymn They Had Been Accustomed to Sing.

tomed to sing at home when she was a girl, and she had carried it on with her grandchildren. But she never had heard it in music.

In her eagerness she stepped to the parlor doorway, which was almost hidden in greenery. Suddenly two pairs of arms were inclosing her neck, and one pair belonged to Rose. Other arms were reaching for her; and beyond, hesitating Sam, who was too big to kiss anybody, lifted his arms. "Why—why, my dears," murmured Grandma, looking bewildered.

"Look up," laughed Sue.

Grandma did, and there was a huge bunch of mistletoe over the door.

"Lead the queen to her throne and render homage," ordered Kate. There was a raised chair decorated with holly and mistletoe, near one side of the fireplace. Grandma was conducted to it deferentially, then the ushers sank to their knees with grave faces but snapping eyes.

"Hail to the queen of love and the Kitchen," they chanted, and Jenny added, "Including crisp doughnuts."

"Oh, my dears—my dears," softly. "Now for the distribution of presents," cried May, springing up.

Grandma had noticed rotund stockings along the fireplace, with an extra large one near her end, and sundry packages on the floor underneath.

The big stocking was laid on her lap, and packages began to follow. She recognized things she had wished, and books she had mentioned a desire to read. For Grandma, in spite of her perfect housekeeping, loved to read.

"I—I thought it was for a dance," she faltered, her hands caressing the gifts.

"O-o-h, Grandma! The idea! On this day! It's for all of us, but mostly you."

Rose and Jenny were dancing about, as pleased as any of the family. Grandma's tremulous hands reached out and drew them close.

"You must stay with us all day, dears," she urged happily—"and Bill, too. There's plenty an' to spare cooked. Christmas has begun so wonderful that you must help us carry it through."

A Christmas Greeting

By W. E. GILROY
In The Congregationalist

There's not a memory of home, or friend,
Be they so far remote, however lowly;
No place where new affections richly blend
That does not grow more beautiful, more holy,
At Christmas.

There is no laughter of a little child,
No fiery passion of Youth's rosy morning,
No treasure-house of Age, benign and mild,
That is not sweeter for the Christ's adorning,
At Christmas.

There is no depth of love, no pang of sorrow,
No mighty moving in the human heart,
No comfort for today, hope for to-morrow,
In which the Christ has not a larger part
At Christmas.

So, as we send our greeting of affection,
We share the memory of Him who came;
In fellowship, in happy recollection,
Each fervent wish is hallowed in His name
At Christmas.

For Mother's Christmas

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



GOING home for Christmas?
"Yes. All of us always go. Great fun seeing each other again and exchanging news! We go back to the farm."

"Yours must be quite a family now, with all the children. But I suppose your mother gets in extra help, and you all help, too."

It was not impertinent, because it was my best friend speaking. She was just frank and sincere. She had dropped into my office after hours, not to buy insurance from me (yes, I am a female insurance agent and but to say "good-bye" before herself leaving the city for the holidays.

"No, there's no extra help to be gotten these days in the country any more than here. Not any that's worth while. So mother does it all herself. But she likes it. Christmas only comes once a year."

We said no more about that, but after my friend had gone I remembered her clear, frank eyes and the way they had received my reply. They had been slightly skeptical. I couldn't get that skepticism out of my mind.

The result was that, after much thought, I suddenly closed office a whole week before Christmas, practically kidnaped my youngest sister away from her home in a nearby city—that comfortable home with its full nursery, cook and nurse girl—and whisked her away to the country to give mother a little surprise.

At first I thought the surprise was to turn out an unpleasant one. We arrived in the early afternoon without warning. There was mother in a huge apron, her hair tied up in a towel, the front hall full of brooms and mops, housecleaning. She could not conceal her chagrin from us, we had so suddenly appeared. It certainly was different from our customary homecoming. Then, she met us at the

front door, her arm linked in father's, dressed in her best silk, her white hair freshly curled, behind them the house shining in spotlessness. And then the pantry filled with pies, cakes, roast ham with its cloves, and mother's wonderful jelly tarts! Such an inviting, homelike, hospitable house! Such a sparklingly clean pantry full of good things!

How different today, six days before we were expected! Father had banished himself to the barn, and we found him disconsolately smoking by old Jim's stall. The house was chaos. All the rugs seemed to be up and the furniture out of place. Mother was cleaning!

"Oh, dear!" she greeted us. "I didn't expect you till Christmas Eve! Nothing's ready! I've just this hour started to fix for you."

We put down our suitcases in wonderment at this unheard-of welcome from mother, our mother!

"That's just it, mother, dear," I said. "We didn't want you to do all this 'fixing' alone. We've come to fix for ourselves, and the horde that follows on Christmas Eve."

Well, at first mother simply wouldn't hear of it. We were to be company and just wait till she got the rooms we were to occupy aired and made up. Since we were all there, well we must stay. But we shouldn't dudge. She guessed we worked hard enough, each at our own particular kind of work, all the year, not to have to work when we came home.

We wouldn't listen. We had come for one thing. We laughingly overbore her in all her objections.

More than that, we called father in from the barn and got him to bundle mother up and take her off for a sleigh ride. "A sleigh ride! Who ever heard of a sleigh ride and all the parlor furniture in the hall waiting for the parlor to be cleaned!" Well, mother heard of a sleigh ride, and under just those conditions now. She heard of it from her two strong-minded daughters, her youngest and her oldest. Father caught our spirit at once and hustled her away. How merrily the bells jingled as they whirled away through the snow!

Now for it! Marge and I tucked up our skirts, draped ourselves in big aprons and wound towels about our heads, and fell to. It was hard work, but what a lark we made of it. And we had a good supper waiting for mother and father when they got back.

And every day that week we did the same. Father whisked mother off in the sleigh to visit old friends in nearby towns, or just for the ride. And while they were gone we hustled.

By Christmas Eve the house was as shining and tidy as it would have been had mother been left to herself with it. And Marge had proved herself a marvelous cook, too. There were pies and cakes, and even tarts, and the ham with its cloves. The turkey was dressed, too, and the stuffing made. And mother had not so much as put her nose into the pantry door.

Then the family arrived. Three daughters, with their three husbands and several children apiece, and two brothers with their wives and offspring. And mother and father met them at the door, mother's arm

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Famous Forts in U. S. History

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

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Scene of Last Battle in the Revolution

In the summer of 1709 a Virginia hunter came to a high bluff overlooking the Ohio river, and, impressed by the beauty of the spot, he took "tomahawk possession," built a rude shack and remained there for several months. Ebenezer Zane was his name and the next year he returned, bringing with him several of his friends and their families to make a settlement.

When Lord Dunmore, the governor of Virginia, decided in 1774 to make war on the western Indians who had been attacking the border settlements, he ordered several companies of militia to rendezvous at the Zane settlement and build a fort as the base for his military operations. Accordingly a typical frontier stockade was erected here by Maj. Angus McDonald, with Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell supervising the construction, and it was named Fort Fincastle, in honor of Dunmore, one of whose titles was Viscount Fincastle.

When Dunmore's campaign ended successfully he left a garrison of 25 men at Fort Fincastle, who held the post until June, 1775, when the Revolution broke out and the frontiersmen took possession of it for the Continental congress. In 1777 the fort was enlarged and renamed Fort Henry, in honor of Patrick Henry.

From that time on Fort Henry saw some stirring events. On August 31, 1777, it was attacked by 350 Shawnee, Mingo and Wyandot warriors, and during this attack Betty Zane made her famous dash across the bullet-swept clearing to carry back in her apron the powder so desperately needed by the defenders of the fort.

Again on September 10, 1782, the Indians, aided by a force of British rangers from Detroit, swept down upon the post, but again the frontiersmen beat off the attack. This was virtually the last battle of the Revolution and the war, which was opened by a shot from a little four-pounder on the walls of Fort William and Mary in New Hampshire, ended with the sharp crack of a frontiersman's long rifle at Fort Henry in West Virginia.

After the Revolution the sight of Fort Henry was a welcome one to thousands of emigrants who floated down the Ohio in their quest for homes in the West, for it was the symbol of the conquering pioneer, the outpost of white civilization which had successfully withstood all the savage assaults launched against it. When the frontier days were over the settlement around Fort Henry continued to grow and today it is the important city of Wheeling, W. Va.

The Key to Ownership of the Ohio Valley

It was the keen military mind of George Washington that first saw the strategic importance of the spot where the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers join to form the Ohio, and it was at his recommendation that Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia in 1753 ordered a fort built there to hold the country west of the Appalachians for the English. Hardly had Dinwiddie's party begun to work on the fort when the French appeared, drove them away, demolished the crude stockade and built on its site Fort Duquesne, named for the governor of Canada.

Thus began the great struggle between the French and English, known as the French and Indian war in America and the Seven Years' war in Europe, and control of this outpost on the American frontier was destined to be the principal factor in deciding whether England or France was to control the Ohio valley, and with it North America. It was against Fort Duquesne that General Braddock set out in 1755 on the expedition which ended so disastrously almost within sight of the fort and three years later Major Grant and his Highlanders, the advance guard of General Forbes' army, met a similar disaster while reconnoitering before it. But Forbes, unlike Braddock, did not scorn the advice of George Washington, and he reached his goal.

When he arrived at Fort Duquesne on November 15, 1758, he found that the enemy had left it a smoking ruin. The next year Gen. John Stanwix rebuilt the post and named it Fort Pitt, in honor of the great English minister. It was soon needed, for in 1763 the storm of Pontiac's war broke over the western frontier, and when one British post after another went down before the scalping knife and torch of the savages, Fort Pitt alone, although besieged for several months, held back Pontiac's warriors from driving the English into the sea. It was to Fort Pitt's relief that Col. Henry Bouquet was marching when he won his brilliant victory over the Indians at the battle of Bushy Run, and this fort was the base for his later campaign, in which he smashed the power of Pontiac's confederation.

During the Revolution Fort Pitt was held by the Americans and at the close of the war it became the starting point for thousands of settlers who poured into the Ohio country. Around it sprang up a little settlement, and today the great city of Pittsburgh, marks the site of Fort Pitt, the key to the Ohio valley.

Made Provision for Pets

A kind old English lady was so much attached to three goldfish that she left \$70 (\$350) for their feed and care. When they died the interest from the money was to be used to keep the grass green and smooth above their graves and decorated with fitting flowers. Another woman provided \$500 a year for the care of her parrot. The keeper was to bring the bird every two years to a certain lawyer that identification might be made of the bird as the original one.

His Reward

"Howdy, Tohe!" saluted an acquaintance from Slippery Slap. "How'd you come out in that poker game tuther night?"

"I didn't get no money, Newt," replied Tohe Sagg of Sandy Mush, "but great gosh, look at the experience I had!"—Kansas City Times.

Back Number

Grandma—Do you want to hear the story of "Puss in Boots?"

Elsie—No, grandma. No one wears 'em now. Tell me about "Puss in Black Silk Slippers and Galoshes."—Boston Globe.

Dinner on the Fly

As an aid in feeding young fish, the experiment has been successfully tried of hanging electric lights over the water in fish hatches. The swarms of insects attracted by the lights fall into the hatching tubs or are snapped out of the air by the jumping fish.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sweeten the Stomach

Sufferers From Asthma or Bronchitis

HERE IS GLORIOUS NEWS FOR YOU

No matter how long you have suffered from Asthma or Bronchitis, a speedy relief from your sufferings is now offered you in CAMPHOROLE, whose wonderful effects are realized at the very first trial.

It quickly reaches the sore spot with a gentle tingle. Difficult breathing is relieved as the choked up air passages and lungs are penetrated by the powerful healing vapors which reach the very seat of the disease with each breath. Then you'll know why millions use CAMPHOROLE, when once you realize its remarkable effects, not only for Asthma or Bronchitis but for deep chest colds, weak lungs, sore throat and Catarrhal troubles. Drug stores are authorized to sell the 35c glass on 10-day trial—try it.

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Don't Grow Old!

Munyon's Paw Paw Tonic builds up men and women who are run down, prematurely aged or undernourished. Tones every organ. Makes rich, red blood. For Constipation Use Munyon's Paw Paw Pills AT ALL DRUGGISTS

MUNYON'S PAW PAW TONIC Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded MUNYON'S - Scranton, Pa.

Let Cuticura Soap Keep Your Skin Fresh and Youthful

Sample Soap, Ointment, Tablets free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

Wall to Stop Locusts

Thirty-nine thousand tons of galvanized steel sheets are to be used to stop the crop ravages of locusts in Northern Argentina. A \$5,000,000 contract for the material has been signed with an American firm. Digging pitfalls, spraying the ground in which the eggs are deposited with chemicals and destroying the egg cases are other ways that have been employed in fighting the pests.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

MOTHER GRAY'S POWDERS

BENEFIT MANY CHILDREN

Thousands of mothers have found Mother Gray's Sweet Powders an excellent remedy for children complaining of Headaches, Colds, Feverishness, Worms, Stomach Troubles and other irregularities from which children suffer these days and

The Northfield Press

Charles E. Blittinger, Publisher
NORTHFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS
Entered as second class matter at
the Post Office at Northfield, Mass.
Subscription price \$1.75 a year.

Advertising Rates
Classified: cash with order:
(Count five words to a line)
First issue, per line 10 cents
Second issue, per line 7 cents
Subsequent issues, per line 5 cents
Acknowledgment \$1.00

Reading Notice (advertising):
First ten lines, per line 10 cents
Second ten lines, per line 7 cents
Succeeding lines, per line 5 cents
Communications on subjects of im-
personal nature, invited, and pub-
lished free when signed, and if of
a nature consistent with the pub-
lisher's interpretation of news-
paper ethics. Author's name not
published if so requested.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION
Member Massachusetts Press Association.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1924

A CORRECTION.

An error occurs in the spelling of
the firm-name of F. W. Kuech & Co.,
Bristolboro merchants, on page 12.
The advertisement will be recog-
nized as appearing under the name of
F. W. Kuech & Co. This acknowl-
edgement is not made with the ex-
pectation that its correction will be
needed by the readers of The Press
in order to locate the store of F. W.
Kuech & Co., which is familiar to
those who have occasion to shop for
domestic dry goods for which this
company is well known, but is made
in courtesy due the advertiser and
with the apology of the publisher.

NORTHFIELD.

Little Margaret Hoxie is on the
sick list.

Mrs. William Silver of Worcester
is a guest of Miss Gertrude Ball.

A daughter was born on Thurs-
day, December 11, to Mr. and Mrs.
William H. Dresser.

Fred Fox has lost some very val-
uable Rhode Island Red hens, the
work of chicken thieves.

Mr. B. C. Mason was called to
Keene, N. H., on Thursday, by the
sudden death of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunham of Bristol-
boro, Vt., have been recent guests of
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight L. Proctor
and son-Donald of Spencer, called on
friends in town on Saturday.

Miss Marion Webster spent the
week end in Greenfield, as the guest
of Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Clark of
Greenfield will be the week end
guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Kidder.

Among the successful deer hunters
last Saturday were: H. H. Chamber-
lain, Frank Anderson and Francis
Plastridge.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Dunnell went
to West Leyden on Sunday to at-
tend the funeral of Mrs. Dunnell's
uncle, Albert R. Dennison.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goble re-
ceived on Wednesday, a large ship-
ment of Oriental novelties and Cur-
ios.

A party from here motored to
Keene, N. H., on Tuesday evening to
attend Donald B. McMillan's lecture
on his Arctic explorations.

James Fisher of Northfield moun-
tain secured a fine red fox recently,
which weighed 11-14 pounds. He
has two fox hound pups with which
he hunts.

The annual meeting of the North-
field chapter of Eastern Star will
be held at Masonic hall on Wednes-
day evening, December 17, when
new officers will be elected.

The friends of F. Amber Welch,
formerly proprietor of the Northfield
Press, will be pleased to learn that
he is now assistant editor of the Bos-
ton Evening Globe. Mr. and Mrs.
Welch are living in Hingham.

Dr. Everett Hubbard has located
his office and residence at the resi-
dence of H. M. Haskell. Dr. Hubbard
has equipped his office to administer
electrical treatment. His office hours
are from 12 to 2.30 and 6 to 7.30
p.m.

Miss Elizabeth Alexander of
Springfield, left on Saturday for
Los Angeles, Cal., where she is to be
the guest of Dr. Mary Irene Meek.
Dr. Meek and Miss Alexander were
members of the music faculty of
Radnor college, Tennessee, for sev-
eral years.

How The Will Reads.

As there is a misunderstanding
as to the wishes of Mrs. A. M. D.
Alexander regarding who has a right
to use the Alexander hall, the follow-
ing extract from the will makes it
plain.

"There shall be constructed in
the remaining part of the
"building a hall to be called
"Ladies Hall", to be used for
"social purposes, business meet-
"ings, lectures or any like or
"similar purposes that may be
"desired, for the use of all the
"people of the town, but to be
"used under the direction of a
"committee of seven or more
"ladies to be chosen annually
"by themselves at a meeting
"duly called for the purpose
"and held at the hall.

The Auditorium.

Next Monday night at seven-thirty
will be shown one of the best pic-
tures that has been recently
screened.

"Down To The Sea In Ships" fea-
turing Marguerite Courtot and Ray-
mond McKee. A vivid and remark-
able story of the early whaling days
in New England. An authentic page
of American history, about the mid-
dle of the Nineteenth century when
New Bedford, Mass., was all astir
over the whaling industry.

Back of this vivid picture of dar-
ing is unfolded a charming love
story.

This is one of the finest pictures
that we will be able to have this win-
ter.

NORTHFIELD FARMS.

Clayton Dyer spent the week at
home.

James A. Garfield is janitor at No.
3 school.

Mr. and Mrs. William North of
Athol recently visited Mr. and Mrs.
F. Garfield.

Mrs. James Dresser has been vis-
iting her mother, Mrs. Bertha Ald-
rich on Warwick avenue.

Mr. Patterson will speak Sunday
evening, December 14 at 7 o'clock
at No. 4 School house, Union hall.

George Piper has moved to East
Northfield, where he has rented an
apartment in the Green Gate Tea
Room.

Guests at George Piper's last week
were: Mr. Bray, Mr. Slattery of
Holyoke; Frank Green and Bert
Piper of Orange.

The Webster's and Young's re-
turned to their home in Scituate
on Sunday, after spending the week
in their camp hunting.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Perkins Mr.
Trowitz and Mr. Winters left here
on Friday for Cohasset, after spend-
ing the hunting season here at their
place.

Mrs. Ralph Leach and son Billie
have been suffering from a ring-
round and a felon on their fingers,
and have been dressed and lanced by
Dr. Philbrick.

Guests at Jones Fisher's during
deer season were: Mr. Prouty of
Scituate; E. C. Holden of Pittsfield;
Charles Jeffs, Jack Dorsey of Bever-
ley; Henry Durigant, Henry Hillman
of Colrain.

The Boy Scouts will present under
the direction of Mrs. F. H. Monta-
gue, a play entitled, "The first day
of the Holidays", on Saturday eve-
ning, December 13 at 8 o'clock. Ad-
mission 25 cents, children 10 cents.

Mrs. Jeanette (Ball) Jillson.

Mrs. Jeanette (Ball) Jillson
passed away, Tuesday afternoon, at
the home of her sister, Miss Ger-
trude Ball, with whom she has made
her home since 1917, when she and
her husband, Mr. Henry Jillson,
moved from Gardner.

Mrs. Jillson was born in North-
field in 1851, moving to Jamaica, Vt.,
with her parents while an infant.
In a few years the family moved to
Warwick, Mass.

Miss Ball married Mr. Henry Jill-
son in 1873. Several years of their
married life was spent in the Caro-
lina's, where Mr. Jillson was em-
ployed by the United States govern-
ment in the revenue service.

About 1885 the Jillsons moved to
Gardner, Mass. While living there
they were active members of the
Unitarian church, also of the G. A.
R. and W. R. Corps.

Owing to the ill health of both
Mr. and Mrs. Jillson they moved to
Northfield in 1917. Mr. Jillson pass-
ing away the following year. Mrs.
Jillson improved in health and for
some time was interested in all
affairs of the Unitarian church, tak-
ing as active a part as her health
would allow. She was also interested
in the Women's Relief Corp. In Sep-
tember, 1923, Mrs. Jillson's health
gave out, and she had been confined
to her bed and suffered a great deal
for over a year. She has been a
great comfort to all the family, a
woman of unusually fine character,
and will be greatly missed by a large
circle of friends and relatives, who
have the sympathy of the entire
community.

The funeral services were con-
ducted Thursday afternoon at her
home by Rev. E. R. Griffith of the
Unitarian church, following which a
memorial service was held by the
Women's Relief Corps. Burial was in
the Warwick cemetery.

Entertains Seniors.

Alfred A. Thresher entertained the
senior class of Mount Hermon school
47 in number, at his home, Pine
Notch Lodge, on Sunday afternoon.
With them were Prof. and Mrs.
Yeager, who are the class teachers,
also the class honorary members,
Mrs. W. R. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. R.
L. Watson and Mr. Holt.

Mr. Thresher spoke on, The need
of a leader, Christ our Guide. Mr.
Slough sang, and Mrs. Moody and
Mr. Slough rendered a duet.
Refreshments were served. Mr.
and Mrs. A. P. Pitt were also guests.
Mr. Thresher has been elected hon-
orary member of the class.

Time To Think of Mother.

A prisoner who is serving time in
the Concord Reformatory for partici-
pation in a hold-up where a gun
was used, has sent some verses to
Deputy Commissioner of Corrections,
Edward C. R. Begley at the State
House.

THE TIME TO THINK OF MOTHER

We always think of mother,
When sitting in a cell;
The case we try to smother,
The judge we try to tell.
That mother couldn't stand it,
If justice jailed her son,
Some lazy little bandit,
A coward with a gun.
We didn't think about her
The nights we used to roam,
Got along without her
And left her there alone.
Left her to weep in sorrow,
But when the handcuffs hurt
It's back to her we hurry,
To hide behind her skirt.
Your mother, don't disgrace her.
Disgrace her heart would break;
Then we are taken from her,
The punishment to take.
The time to save her sorrow,
The time to save her pain,
Today and not tomorrow,
Is when she bears the strain.
There's time to think of mother
Not when she's old and gray.
So do it today, buddy,
And make her heart feel gay.

Mothers' Society.

Next Wednesday afternoon the
Mothers' Society meets with Mrs. W.
R. Moody at the Homestead for its
Christmas gathering. Mrs. G. T.
Thompson will preside. Mrs. Moody,
Mrs. E. E. Jones, Mrs. A. H. Bolton
and Mrs. Fred Bolton will furnish
the Christmas program. All little
children are invited. Refreshments
will be served.

Communication.

Deer—and how to get em. I have
heard it said that if you wish long
enough and hard enough your wish
will come true. However true this
may be an actual experience
strengthens my faith more than any-
thing else.

I have always dreaded the thought
of having to drag a three hundred
pound deer thro several miles of
brush and woods to a more access-
ible place for transportation, and
with this in mind I have always
wished for a deer to cross some beat-
en path just about the time I got
there, as a matter of fact I am not a
deep woods man and to day, Decem-
ber 6, my wish came true.

As in years past I have been
guided some—what by the advice of
veteran hunters as to just where to
stand and when you think of such
men as these offering to me the
choicest stand, it don't seem possible
especially so since they had tramped
all week for nothing, and yet such
was the case and I admire their un-
selfishness, thoughtfulness or what.
This location, not far from the road,
appealed to me so I sat on an icy
log until I had a feeling I had been
there long enough, so I moved on a
few paces to a standing position
where I had been only a few minutes
when along came the deer into my
arms as it were, but, no matter I
was there and that's what counts.
One well directed shot and that's all,
so simple, and yet so true.

Now to be successful in deer hunt-
ing the conditions must be right, too
much emphasis cannot be laid on this
and by these conditions I mean, I
ate myself in the place where the
deer is to cross, (this is very import-
ant), take a steady aim at a vital
spot and there you have it all in a
nut-shell, there is nothing more than
to bring home the prize. This of
course naturally follows but is not a
disagreeable task. Of course con-
gratulations are in order on reach-
ing home and should be returned
with the usual, I thank you.

There is one other point I wish to
speak of that is the wearing of the
"red". When I see red it reminds me
of danger ahead, it is possible this
may have the same effect on the
deer family and as a precaution I
have never adapted this distinguishing
mark. However, this is just a mere
suggestion to be decided upon by
each individual.

In closing, if it is of any comfort
to the less fortunate hunters to say
I was lucky, I am perfectly willing
they should do so. I have the deer
for my reward, with the added sat-
isfaction that my marksmanship is
100 per cent. Phil Porter

Lawler Theatre.

Five acts of high class vaudeville
are on the bill at the Lawler theatre.
These are all big-time acts having
played at the leading theatres in the
larger cities.

"Wages of Virtue", adapted from
the novel by Percival Wren, is an ad-
venture-romance of the French For-
eign Legion, a colorful tale told in
Algeria. Ben Lyon has the principal
masculine role in the production,
heading an all star supporting cast
which includes among others Nor-
man Trevor, Ivan Linow, Joe Moore,
Armand Cortez, Adrienne d'Ambri-
court and Paul Panzer.

Trained Ears Detect Faults in Machinery

Brass workers hear "trampers", dull
tools and noises imperceptible to ordi-
nary ears. "Trained hearing has saved
us thousands of dollars," says a writer
in the official publication of a firm of
brass manufacturers of Waterbury,
Conn.

Some time ago it was discovered
that there were many employees of
the company, both men and women,
whose sense of hearing was so acute
that in spite of the deafening roar of
machinery, they could hear noises, or
the absence of noises, that the ordi-
nary person would never notice. In
every case it was discovered that this
unusual gift was not inherited, but ac-
quired.

It didn't come to them suddenly or
easily, but only after years of experi-
ence and familiarity with their work,
surrounded by the same machines,
that their hearing would develop this
delicate keenness that gave them the
power to notice the smallest sound
amid other noises. A curious thing
was found, that the ability is more
common where factory noises are deaf-
ening. It is the overpowering noise
itself that makes these trained ears so
delicate that they can hear what
would be inaudible to others, observes
the Literary Digest.

Magical Power Seen in Shorthand Writing

The ancients appear to have regard-
ed their shorthand writers as pos-
sessed of a faculty closely akin to
magic. Ausonius, a poet of the Fourth
century, addressing a shorthand writ-
ter, says: "Your hand, of which the
movement is hardly perceptible, ideas
over the waxy surface; and though
my tongue runs over long phrases, you
fix my ideas on your tablets long be-
fore they are worded. I wish I could
think as rapidly as you write! . . .
Who has revealed to you what I was
meditating? How many thefts does
your hand make in my soul?"

There is no evidence to show that
the speed of ancient shorthand writers
was at all comparable with that of our
own day. They wrote upon waxed
tablets and no specimen of their art
appears to have been preserved. For
centuries there was no shorthand in
the world. It was not revived until
1589, when Dr. Timothy Bright, a
Yorkshire parson, published a book,
"Character; an Arte of Shorte,
Swift and Secrete Writing by Char-
acter." This system was simply a col-
lection of arbitrary signs for a large
number of common words. There was
no attempt to provide a shorthand
alphabet, says the Manchester Guar-
dian.

Ford

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A practical gift that at once gives
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All Wool Footwear

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PLAIN SOCKS, \$1.00

GOLF SOCKS, \$2.00

Green Heather Brown Heather
Oxford Gray Camel

Please call 2 to 7 p.m.

Miss Caroline B. Lane

Highland avenue.

East Northfield,

Mass.



YOU want your
new Overcoat
to serve you several
seasons. Buy one
that will. Order it
now.

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Unique Oriental Gifts At

CHINA CRAFTS

Wayside Inn Main Street

COME EARLY TO SEE

Full line Christmas cards, bags,
embroideries, new linens, tapestries,
linens, new beads, dishes, candle-
sticks, vases, silks, slippers, hand-
kerchiefs, tea, shawls, homespun
coverlets, pillow covers, notions.

W. H. GIEBEL

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short hauls, furniture mov-
ing, etc.

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Northfield

Massachusetts

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At this season of the year you will find at our store
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To the Kiddies

Hang up your
stocking and
see what Santa
Claus brings

A Merry Christmas to All

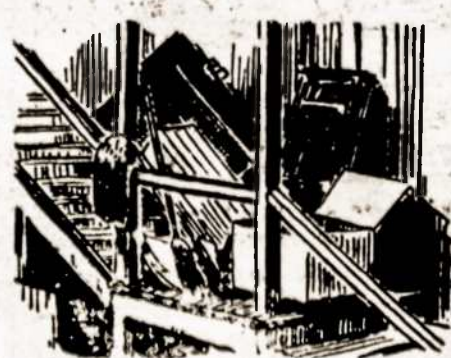
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A stairway barricaded with
cases of merchandise may
mean the difference between
a small and a total fire loss.
Be careful—and insure.

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INSURANCE
AGENCYEAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.
Phone 161-2Electrical Construction
and Repairs

ALFRED E. HOLTON

NORTHFIELD, (Phone 101) MASSACHUSETTS

EAST NORTHFIELD.

Philip Porter secured a doe last Saturday at Crag Mountain.

George W. Moody has returned from a weeks vacation in Providence and Hartford.

Mrs. A. G. Moody was the leader of the Church Missionary meeting at Mount Hermon church on Wednesday.

Mrs. M. P. Stanley and daughters Jean and Louise, who have been living at Kenhome this fall, moved to their new home this week.

Rev. F. W. Pattison preaches at Mount Hermon next Sunday morning. In the evening at Mount Hermon there is to be a service of Christmas music at Memorial chapel.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Schell left for their winter home in New York last week, Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith left at the same time, as Mr. Smith is their chauffeur.

Miss Evelyn Hess is having two months vacation from her position as head of the dining rooms at The Northfield. She is to visit in New York and California. Miss Doris Eddy is substituting for her.

James A. Garfield has been transferred from the Millers Falls Congregational church and Junior Christian Endeavor, and welcomed as a member of the Congregational church Northfield on Sunday.

Next Sunday morning the collection taken at the Congregational church will be applied to the benevolence, which the church helps to support. The money in church envelopes will be used as usual as stated on them.

The monthly supper and conference of Sunday school teachers and officers was held on Wednesday evening. Dr. J. East Harrison of Mount Hermon taught the lessons for the coming month.

To Hold Christmas Sale.

The Northfield Seminary Church will hold a Christmas sale on Saturday evening, December 13 at Stone hall at 7 o'clock. A play entitled, Angel Unawares, will be given by some of the girls. The admission is five cents.

There will be several booths at the sale, one of which is in charge of the foreign students.

Many of the articles have been made by the students and members of the faculty.

This sale is open to the public. The proceeds will be used for the missionary budget of the N. S. C. U.

VERNON, VT.

Bert Huges went on Monday to Athol for a few days visit with relatives.

Mrs. Collins and Miss Bush of Buckland spent Sunday with their brother R. N. Clark.

R. N. Clark, who has been confined to his bed with pleurisy for four weeks, is able to sit up part of the day.

Miss Pauline Lyman, teacher in the Center school, was a guest of Miss Fanny Burton in Brattleboro, Saturday.

Walter D. Johnson spent a few days in Springfield, Mass., last week. A hat to be trimmed. Refreshments will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norman of Brattleboro spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Prescott.

Mrs. Henry Fairman, who has been at her home for several weeks, is again ill, and has returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lee Eldridge, to be cared for.

The Ladies' Circle will meet Wednesday, December 17, in the forenoon. Dinner will be served at noon. A large attendance is desired as there is work to be done.

The Parent-Teachers association will hold a social and entertainment in the North school on Tuesday evening, December 16. This is to be a hat social, and all are asked to bring

The following officers were elected at Vernon Grange Saturday evening: Master, Mrs. H. A. Staten; overseer, D. A. Johnson; lecturer, Misses Gladys Nesbitt and Beatrice Prescott; steward, John Minor; lady assistant steward, Miss Gladys Brown; chaplain, Mrs. W. E. Derrling; treasurer, B. H. Newton; secretary, Mrs. Pliny Burrows; gate keeper, Lawrence Johnson; Ceres, Miss Ionia Johnson; Pomona, Miss Gertrude Brown; flora, Mrs. Ralph Gates; janitor, Leon Brooks; auditors and executive committee, B. H. Newton, Ralph Gates, W. J. Weatherhead and J. T. Wright.

WEST NORTHFIELD AND SOUTH

VERNON.

Philip Holton is sick with influenza.

Harry Brassor is at the Farren hospital for treatment.

O. J. Brooks of Greenfield is a guest of his brother Eugene Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cutler Jr., and daughter Margaret of Greenfield, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. White.

Many friends here were grieved to learn of the sudden death from acute diabetes of Mrs. Richard Shadd, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martindale of East Bernardston, which occurred at the Farren hospital on Saturday. The funeral service was held in the Unitarian church of Bernardston.

Communication.

Northfield, Mass. December 9, 1924.

Editor Northfield Press:

It is with interest we read your communications listing stations received on radios. Enclosed find a list of stations we received on a two tube. Bought our radio in June and have received seventy-one stations to date.

Reception on December 3, 1924, from 1.05-5.30 p.m.

WNAC—Boston, Mass.

WEEL—Boston, Mass.

WEAR—Providence R. I.

WEAN—Providence, R. I.

WBZ—Springfield, Mass.

WEAF—New York City

WJZ—New York City

WFI—Philadelphia, Pa.

KDKA—Pittsburg, Pa.

WEAO—Columbus, Ohio

WCBD—Zion, Ill.

WJAX—Cleveland, Ohio

WFAM—St. Cloud, Minn.

WTAS—Elgin, Ill.

WSAI—Pittsburg, Pa.

WLSA—Cincinnati, Ohio

WLS—Chicago, Ill.

WOC—Davenport, Iowa

WREO—Lansing, Mich.

WBZ—Springfield, Mass.

WRC—Washington, D. C.

WGBS—New York City

WGY—Schenectady, N. Y.

WJZ—New York City

KDKA—Pittsburg, Pa.

WAHD—Richmond Hills, Pa.

WDAR—Philadelphia, Pa.

WEAF—New York City

WNYC—New York City

WEEL—Boston, Mass.

WGR—Buffalo, N. Y.

KW—Chicago, Ill.

WSA—Atlanta, Ga.

WOS—Jefferson City, Mo.

WCAT—Rapid City, S. D.

WEBH—Chicago, Ill.

WCAD—Canton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Fisher

Northfield Mt.

THE END OF THE

RADIO RAINBOW

Distances Receivers Should Catch

Sound Waves.

Considerable confusion exists in the minds of some radio enthusiasts about the distance over which they should receive broadcasts. It is not quite clear to some just what the factors are which make for distance in a radio receiver. And because their receiver does not do just what they believe it should do, they are continually looking after something better, something which will make the reception of distant stations an everyday occurrence to be duplicated at will. Their aspirations Eutopian to say the least.

It is well known the limitations of any matter in which we may be interested. Contentment and satisfaction are indeed elusive will-o'-the-wisps unless we have something definite to tie to as a standard by which to judge. The search for perfection is never ending unless we make up our minds that absolute perfection is not to be attained and content ourselves with the nearest approximation to perfection at which we can arrive without too much effort.

So it is with the reception of radio broadcasts. There is no perfect receiver. There is no healing spring in which to dip the radio receiver to have it emerge a perfect instrument. To be sure there are many types and kinds of radio receivers which will ring in stations from great distances. There are receivers which will reproduce music and speech with clarity and fidelity nearly equal to that of the original sound. But are you sure that your receiver is not doing this very thing. Let us see.

In the first place it is bad practice to judge one's receiver by what one's neighbor tells about his receiver. We would never insinuate for a moment that all radio enthusiasts are not ardent apostles of truth. But the very fact that one's neighbor is an enthusiast leads him to treat his subject lightly. He says that he receives distant stations every night in the week on the loud speaker so that the very rafters are shaken. He says that his receiver is so selective that he is able to cut the music into thin slices as one would cut a piece of cheese. It is so simple that his baby in the cradle nightly tunes in on Los Angeles, relating the time-honored rattle to the cat, as being unduly complicated.

All of which is very nice. But what about the facts?

Reports of distance reception lose nothing and gain much as they pass down the line. The man on the end of the line naturally concludes that his little receiver which receives Chicago once or twice a week is hopelessly inefficient. He is ashamed of it and he straightway sets out to acquire a receiver which will do these wonderful and fearful things.

The moral is to be satisfied. If you have a receiver which gets the distant stations at frequent intervals when the weather is right be content. You can do no more. Turn a deaf ear to these tales of never ending entertainment from the Pacific Coast. Smile wisely and give the diabolical old set another twirl. You can buy quite a few tons of coal with the price of one of these distance wreckers.

—Exchange

CHURCH SERVICES.

Trinitarian Congregational.

Rev. F. W. Pattison, Pastor.

Sunday.

10.30 a.m. Prayers. 10.45 Morning

worship. 12.10 p.m. Sunday

school. No Young People's meeting

or evening worship in the church.

7.30 p.m. United Christmas Carol

Service at Sage chapel.

Tuesday.

3.00 p.m. Bible class at the home

of Mrs. Gabel. 6.30 p.m. The

Brotherhood annual game supper:

Ladies' night.

Wednesday.

3.00 p.m. Christmas meeting of the

Mothers' Society with Mrs. W. R.

Moody.

Thursday.

10.30 a.m. Home missionary society.

4.00 p.m. Junior Christian Endeavor.

Friday.

7.00 p.m. Boys' Brigade. Skinner

gymnasium.

First Congregational.

(Unitarian)

Rev. R. E. Griffith, Pastor.

The subject of the sermon will be

Voices of the Universe.

Union Church, Vernon, Vt.

Rev. E. E. Jones, B. D., Pastor.

Morning worship at 10.45; Sunday

school at noon; Christian Endeavor

at 7, followed by evening service at

7.30.

CHRISTMAS COLD WEATHER

By Martha Banning Thomas

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

TO BEGIN with, it's cold. COLD! Not your gray, pinched, peaked-y backdoor-yard cold where bits of paper dance in a forlorn, forgotten reel; none of your brick-front houses on dismal streets, seeming by the best calculation, to store up a chill bleakness rather than affording protection against it—not that, but a brisk, lively, tingling cold which makes one hurry to feed the wood-boxes before dark; a cold that etches crystal ferns on the window glass, thoughtfully leaving a peep-hole near the top where you can peer out; a cold that tringes the ice-house with an orderly row of icicles that look like white, corrugated carrots, and manufactures thin, papery ice in the hollows on the ground, the sort of ice children like to stamp on, delighting in its noisy crackle and the sunburst of fine lines radiating from the point of contact.

There are waffles for supper! Do you remember how waffles look and smell and taste on a cold night, when you're "holier as a barpost hole?"

Do you, now? "Get out the maple sirup," orders Candice, flopping over the waffle iron and making a particularly neat job of it. "You'll find the jug on the pantry shelf."

Soon we are sitting before a pile of waffles a foot high.

"Now, Peter," remonstrates Candice, "don't give me such an everlasting helping."

but Peter serenely continues to fill up her plate.

"They say Shorty's little shaver ain't so well tonight," he remarks, passing the smoking beauties to his wife. "Got an awful cold. They had the doc this afternoon."

Christmas—and Shorty's little boy sick! He lives across the road and bestows his cheerful chatter and shining eyes upon us without charge and great generosity.

"I had something to give him. Guess I'll run over after supper," says Candice, making the first incision into her layered waffles.

His name is Billy and he's about as big as a grasshopper; he gets "under foot" and is always frolicking at somebody's heels like a puppy. He it was, upon one occasion, who explained to us the nature of his dinner.

"Well, William," we said, apropos of his third cookie in the middle of the afternoon, "Didn't you have any dinner?"

"Oh, yes," he beamed upon us, "We had putting for dinner."

"Putting?" we inquired. "Don't you mean pudding?"

"No, putting!" he insisted, "because we put the flour in, you know!"

Dear little Billy, with his high, clear voice that always reminded one of water running over pebbles.

"His father said he was going to get him a Christmas tree this year," continued Peter. "I saw him dragging it down from the woods day before yesterday. Bill was hoppin' up and down some. I can tell you. Ticked to pieces. Guess that's where he caught cold."

At this point there was a great tramping and puffing in the kitchen. People walk right in on a cold night.

"Only me," sounds the soft, slurring voice of Billy's Italian father. "I jus' come 's'ay dat boy o' mine all right now. Verra seek dis mornin'—fine by now, an' can I have d' milk?"

A quick light-heartedness flows over us. We had not realized how deliberately cheerful we had striven to be. Billy better! All's right with the world!

It's colder! A careful scrutiny of the thermometer reveals the temperature at six above.

Peter pokes around down cellar and covers up his apples and potatoes against a night of freezing, and brings up some red beauties to be consumed later in the evening with nuts and popcorn.

Cold . . . COLDER! Sleigh bells jingling by on the road! Merry Christmas!

Christmas Dinner Centerpiece

An attractive centerpiece for the Christmas dinner is made by cutting a large five-point star out of white sheet wadding. This is placed smooth-side downward. The fluffy upper side is then pulled apart a little to simulate snow and sprinkled thick with Jack Frost powder. In the center of this is placed a bowl or tall glass vase filled with holly twigs and scarlet berries, and the edges of the star are outlined with pieces of holly.

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Christmas Dinner

Will be Served at

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Beginning at 1 o'clock

Keep Christmas free from extra household cares
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at the Hotel.FOR TABLE RESERVATIONS
TELEPHONE NORTHFIELD 44FRANK W. KELLOGG,
Assistant Manager

WISHING YOU ONE AND ALL

A

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

We take this opportunity of thanking our friends and costumers for the patronage given us on our weekly "Northfield Day" during the past season, and trust we have merited a continuance of these pleasant business relations, whether at our Athol store, where you are always welcome, or on any of our future trips to Northfield.

THE WORRELL GAGE CO.

Athol, Mass.

Roman Soldier Figures
in Crucifixion Legend

In the legendary lore of the church, the soldier who pierced the side of Christ on the cross with the spear has been called Longinus. This man, unfounded tradition said, was one of the soldiers appointed to guard the cross, and was led to become a follower of Christ through the miracles which attended the crucifixion. He was also set with the band who watched the sepulcher and was the only one who refused to be bribed by money to say that the body of Christ had been stolen by the disciples.

For his fidelity to the truth, Pilate resolved on his destruction; but for a time Longinus managed to escape. He left the army to devote himself to the work of the gospel, but he did this without getting legal discharge from military life.

He and two of his fellow soldiers retired to Cappadocia, where they began to preach the gospel, but at the instigation of the Jews, Pilate sent after them as deserters, beheaded them and had their heads brought back to Jerusalem.

So runs the story which may have a mistake for its base, longinus being the technical name for a long spear.

Moving Pictures

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At 7.30 p. m.

December 15:

Down to the Sea in Ships

Marguerite Courtot

December 22:

If Winter Comes

Percy Marmont

December 29:

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ADMISSION, 25c; Children Under 10 Years, 15c.

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Because the Gruen is an exceptionally high grade time piece, and has a splendid record, with the best of manufacturers to stand behind them.

Ladies' Wrist Watches from \$25.00 up
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SILVER PLATED PIECES

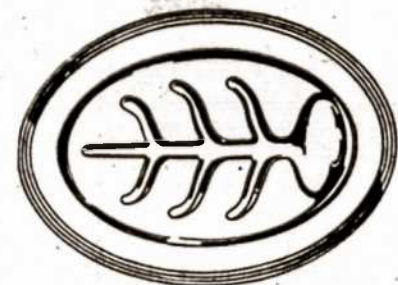
for the dining room are always acceptable Christmas Gifts, the bases are hard white metal or nickel and will last a lifetime.



COVERED VEGETABLE DISHES
Nickel base, \$10.00 up



CANDLE STICKS
per pair \$7.00 up



WELL AND TREE PLATTER
Nickel base, 16 inch, \$20.00

THIS IS A DIAMOND YEAR

and the new white settings show them to the best advantage. We have just had a new lot of single stone mounted in beautiful settings, priced at \$16.50, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$35.00, \$70.00. We have unset stones which we can mount from \$80.00 up.



Knives for the Waldemar chains in white, green and yellow, \$2.00 up.

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The HALLMARK Store

Brattleboro Business Directory

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Everything in Season.
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It will be the aim of the officers of this bank to furnish to the people of this section the most efficient banking service possible.
We solicit the patronage and co-operation of the people of Northfield to this end.

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43 Years in the Music Business
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THE LARGEST AND FINEST
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(Successors to Randall & Clapp)
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125 MAIN STREET

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Crocery, Glass, Wooden & Tinware.
Wall Paper, Window Shades, Silverware, Lamps, Cameras and Supplies.

The Christmas Announcement

By Mary Graham Bonner
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



ALLACE TREADWAY, or Wally, as his friends knew him, sang the tenor part in the moving picture and vaudeville theater quartette. Magnificent songs they sang ("program changed weekly") with beautiful stage settings as their background.

"By the Old Camp-Fire" thrilled his listeners, and Wally, sitting over a stage fire consisting of two electric light bulbs shining upon a strip of painted tin with a red streak of paint in the curtains above him to indicate the glow from the fire's embers; Wally in a khaki hat and suit and silk handkerchief about his neck singing the song of haying, or making the tears come to the eyes of the audience when he sang "As I Sat Upon My Dear Old Mother's Knee" was about the "grandest" man Blanche Draper, the head usher, had ever seen.

"I'll explain so you won't think me such a cad. Give me the chance to put myself right. At least for the sake of our friendship and the grand times we've had, don't judge me hastily. Not that I don't want to be engaged—I do! But I want to talk to you about everything soon! So I can explain. Perhaps after the show tonight?"

So there was some one else, and the engagement had been announced. That was why Wally had grown quieter and quieter. He had been trying to break it to her, and she had thought at times he was shy. He hadn't been so shy, after all!

She would not go to the theater tonight. What did she care for ex-

planation? Cora Brown, her roommate and assistant usher, would take charge.

"What! You in, Blanche?" she asked.

"Yes," came from Blanche a moment later.

"You're a queer one—thought you'd be out celebrating. Only you might have slipped me the news first. I got a couple of extra copies of the paper."

"Let me see," Blanche said sadly. She had to see it sooner or later, and face the situation. And then suddenly her eyes lighted upon her own name. With a rush and an ex-

clamation which seemed mad to Cora, she had hastened from the room. She could just catch Wally at the puffy shop where so often they had eaten their supper together.

And then—as she saw Wally at a table at the far end—it dawned on her that Wally had never proposed to her. It was a mistake! And that was why he was apologizing.

He beckoned her to his table. "Darling," he said, "It was not my fault. I didn't brag to Jennings, our publicity man, you know, of what I had no right. I only said I hoped I would be an engagement, and he just thought he'd stick it in, for he believes we are engaged."

"Oh, Blanche, can you forgive me? And can't you make—the announcement come true?"

"I'll make it real if you urge good and hard, Wally," she said.

That night before she went to bed she took one of the newspapers to tuck under her pillow.

"Oh, what a merry Christmas you've given me," she whispered to the paper. "You're a blessed Christmas announcement, that's what you are. I could almost hug you—you beautiful printed words!"

And she smiled at the announcement in a most approving way!

"Aside From That"

The rehearsal was over. Calling one of the actors to the front the producer said:

"I have been sitting in the fourth row of the orchestra and I haven't heard a single word you've been saying. Your elocution is as monotonous as the song of a bumble bee. You don't walk the stage—you waddle across it like a duck. Your wig looks like a second-hand hearthrug. Your clothes hang on you as they would on a hat peg. You've so many pairs of hands you don't know what to do with them, and if you take my advice you'll go and stuff your feet in your pockets." "Otherwise—O. K.?" queried the actor.

The Christmas Spark

By
Christopher G. Hazard

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

IT WAS only a spark," said the angel, as he turned away from the shepherds and lifted his pinions toward the glorious place where there was no darkness at all and mounted heavenward. It had seemed to them fearfully splendid, that light that shone round about them, but to the angel it was as but an atom of the dazzling radiance of his sphere, like the tiny star point above him, shining through upon the darkened world.

But it was a spark from the warm heart of infinite love, an unquenchable love. It has never gone out. It shines still in the Shepherds' field, like a grain of radium. Every Christmas eve many people go to see it. The Shepherds carried it away, but there it is. Ever since that night cold hearts have taken a little of it for heart cure, but it remains. As late as last year a little girl cried out: "Come, mamma, sweetie-my-lovey, and put me to bed, so I can wake up and feel it's Christmas," and when she woke up some of it had sent her the lovely gift that she had wanted most of all.

It was a spark of everlasting pity that prompted and answered a child's prayer not long ago, when she said, "And try to take care of the poor little children, who haven't any fathers, and where Santa Claus can't go." It is a point of pity in the world for all who feel deserted and lonely, sending peace and cheer to drive away misery. Some are so self-sufficient that they will not let others even step on their shadows, and they get no good from the spark that is so glad to put our shadows away. Such should learn their golden text as well as young Arthur did, before reciting it at home after this manner: "Let me love each innuder."

This Christmas spark of light, this shining of the glory of God, was bright with news of that new life that had come into the world to illuminate every one; to be a constant upspringing of the eternal Spirit in souls; to grow and spread over the earth until there should be an earthly firmament, a reflecting back of the starry spangles of the heavens. The Babe of Bethlehem became the Man of Galilee. The Christmas Spark of Life rose from this earthly plain to become the Light of the World. He lives in loving, compassionate, truthful hearts, the genius of all the gladness and good cheer of this



The Christmas Spark of Life Rose From This Earthly Plain to Become the Light of the World.

holiday season, the spirit of Christmas and the hope of following the Angel to his starry home.

Every year the children grow excited about this Christmas spark. You may pass by and hear them—

"Oh, wrinkling star, wrinkling up so wise. When you go to sleep, do you shut your eyes?"

A little Christmas play is arranged thus: "Mary'll be the mother and Ruth the father, and I'll be an angel and bring you a baby. . . . Sarah, I don't think you better stay through this. I'm afraid it'll make you cry. You're all right, I think, until the second act. . . . Now, up with the curtain." Again, for Christmas eve: "Last night I had a dream. I saw myself there sleeping, with a smile. I felt the smile, too." Again, for a Christmas gift: "I'm going to buy a pink rose bush and pick the first bud that comes. Then I'll put it in my jewel box and just leave it. At the end of the third day it'll be a—ged into a fairy." Again: "All the world is pure in the lightning of the Grail." And again: "I wonder if I could have a fairy come and help me with my Christmas presents. They work like lightning, and I find I have so many friends this year."

It is listening to the children that keeps us in the Christmas mood. If we could always have the delight of childlike imaginings, the fresh and un-

I DON'T SEE SANTA CLAUS



questioning faith of simplicity; if we could keep close to the heart of life that is newly from God; we would part with our "doubtful wisdom, and renew

The early, foolish freshness of the dunce, Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once."

Perhaps it is to help us to this that the Heavenly Child is especially kept before us and His coming made the greatest event of each year.

The Window Lookers

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

AGAINST the window of a big store was a row of small faces. The children who owned these faces were pressed close, close against it. They seemed to think that the closer they were to it the more they could see.

They were very ragged, their boots were not all that respectable boots should be, their coats were not all that respectable and warm coats should be.

But more than that, their eyes were not all that the eyes of children at Christmas-time should be.

She noticed it at once. There was something hungry about their eyes. Something there, too, which looked so strange and unnatural.

She had finished her Christmas shopping. Every one on her list now had a present wrapped up and awaiting delivery. She had saved a little of her Christmas money, too, and she was going to buy herself one of those pretty many-colored silk scarfs, and a gold head-band. She had always wanted these, and they were too elaborate to ask her friends to give them to her for Christmas. She was going in this store to purchase them when the children attracted her attention. She stood by them, watching them, listening to them. They weren't paying any attention to her.

"Santy won't come to us this year, mamma says," one child spoke. "Mamma says he's awful hard up this year, just as folks get hard up."

"My papa says that, too," the second said.

"I didn't know Santy ever was hard up," said a third, "but I guess he has had times, too."

"Children," she said, "I am a niece of Mr. Santa Claus, and he told me you would be here—he looked into your homes this afternoon—just peeped in—I don't believe even your mothers saw him, but he heard where you had gone—and he asked me to take you in and buy you each a Christmas present from him."

"He has had a busy time and he isn't as well off this year as usual, but he has something for each of you."

Yes, it was all right. Nothing was too wonderful for children to believe! They went in—all of them.

And each had a present which they fondly clung to and which drove that strange, hungry look from their eyes.

They sent many thanks to Santa Claus, these grateful little window-lookers. Curious, she thought to herself, that she had ever thought of spending that extra money on a scarf and head-band!



Acknowledging Our Presents

2 2

By Ethel Cook Eliot

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



ES, we all know the Christmas spirit. It dominates us for weeks before Christmas and most of Christmas day. Then comes Christmas night—and tomorrow.

The glamor and expectancy has gone now. Christmas is just exactly twelve months away—around at the other end of the year. Never are we further from Christmas than the morning after; for on no other day in the year is it just twelve months off.

Well, what is one to do about it. There is still the white wrapping paper, the tissue, the red ribbons, the gold and silver cord. There are still the presents of all the family; each member has gathered his into a corner for display. All this must be tidied up; the house set to rights.

And next, well next come all the thank-you letters, and the Christmas spirit is twelve months away from us!

How many of us sit down with a smile, as well as a will to acknowledge our Christmas presents. With most, I'm afraid it's only a will. Our jaws are set. We'll get them all done up promptly this year or perish in the attempt!

At least that was my way of old. But now I've found a new one, and it gives the day after Christmas almost the glow and glamor of Christmas. It is very simple.

As I undid the presents I listed them in a little book. There's no confusion in my mind about who gave what. That's the first stone out of the path. Then as I write each letter I think of the one to whom it is going, never of all the other letters waiting. I pretend I have dropped in for a little visit on this friend or relative. And I write just the first words I would say had I just dropped in at their doors to thank them for their presents. Then I end with a "Happy New Year," and in at the next door I pop.

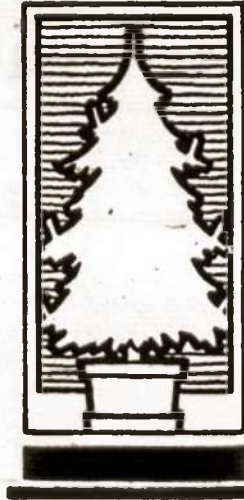
When those letters are done and stuck up outside in a neat white pile behind the letter-holder of our letter box, I have more than a sense of accomplishment and easy conscience. Much more! I am refreshed. There's a glow at my heart—yes, a glow as warm as any that Christmas gives. I have just looked into the eyes of many distant friends.

Christmas Slippers

The thoughtful Family Gift

Here is every kind of slipper for everybody, from the little "Puss in Boots" slippers for tiny folks to those in which father reads the evening paper, and every single pair that splendid quality and style which expresses your good will and good taste quite as fully as your Yuletide thoughtfulness.

Prices
79c to \$1.75



Wagner's

97 MAIN ST.

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This year we have the largest selection of Christmas gifts we have ever had.

They are all practical and useful. Below we offer a few suggestions:

Towel Sets

Little guest sets as low as
50 cents

Then the larger sets with larger towels and in some of them two towels.

Priced at

98c, \$1.00, \$1.19, \$1.39,
\$1.50 and \$1.98.

Japanese Baskets

Just the thing for sewing baskets, and inexpensive
in Five Sizes

Collar and Cuff Sets

One whole table just covered with them; some in fancy boxes, others in paper.

Priced from
59 cents to \$1.98.

Bureau Scarfs

The best line we have ever had.
Pure linen ones as low as
\$1.25

Others as low as
59 cents.

We also have the small ovals to match the scarfs.

Turkish Towels

All Kinds and sizes
Plain white ones from
15 cents to 59 cents

Fancy ones as low as
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and up to
59 cents

Handkerchiefs

Plain White Linen
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In Fact All Kinds
Also a large assortment of boxed handkerchiefs. 10c to \$1.00

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VERMONT

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Poor motor roads stifle industry and agriculture; waste huge sums annually in high maintenance costs, and greatly increase gasoline, tire and repair bills.

There is not a state, not a county, not a community, that isn't paying a heavy price for having too few permanent roads.

There are still many sections of the country—even whole states—that are trying to operate twentieth century traffic over nineteenth century roads.

This is costing millions of dollars every year, and will keep on costing millions until we have well developed permanent highway systems everywhere.

Even what we often call the more progressive communities are far behind the demands of modern highway traffic with its 16,000,000 motor vehicles.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, we need more concrete roads—the roads for twentieth century traffic.

Your highway officials want to be of the greatest possible service to you. Get behind them with ways and means that will provide more concrete roads and streets. Such an investment will pay you big dividends year after year.

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Offices in 29 Cities

Permanent roads are a good investment—not an expense

One Guess—Who's the Letter For?



The Indian's First Christmas

By Emily Burks Adams

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



HE first Christmas to the Indians was through the government, and though simple at first, their Christmas today is replete with joy and revelry and very spectacular. (I speak especially of the Pawnees.)

A big council house has been built at Pawnee, Okla., in which to celebrate Christmas. The tribe assembles near, and is encamped until after New Year. Christmas is the great event of the year, and a beautifully decorated tree is the feature. Gifts from togethery to automobiles are given; beavers are roasted, and feasting, dancing and singing are a part of the program.

It was only a few days until Christmas, and Eagle Eye, seeing palefaces



"Marry Her, Eagle Eye—One of Your Own Race."

at the agency, went to the store. Nathan Yale, a government employee, hailed him with, "Hi, Eagle Eye, meet our friends from Carlisle. You know my niece, Miss Yale, also Anita."

"Yes," said Eagle Eye. "I can't forget my teacher. Glad to see you, Miss Yale, and you, too, Anita."

"Yes, Eagle Eye," said Rachel, "Anita has returned to assist me with the Christmas program and you are to be my interpreter."

"Rachel," said Nathan Yale, "did you see Anita scowl? Remember the Indian's characteristic—they are yours if they like you; you are theirs if they don't."

Only two days until Christmas and Rachel and Eagle Eye were busy with the tree. They had toys and candy for the children, and beads and jewelry for the others, and the joy and excitement was not unlike our own as Christmas approaches. A program was to be given. A talking machine was to furnish the music, and a pile of logs in front of the lodge was for warmth and to light up the tree. "Eagle Eye," said Rachel, "we need more mistletoe for our tree."

"Well, here's the mistletoe; let's go for some and we can stop at our traps." As they neared the traps Eagle Eye

said: "We have big heap turkey! I'll take them back and will catch you before you make the hill." He was off at Indian speed. Rachel started to mount but was jerked around and she stood face to face with Anita.

"Oh, Anita, you wouldn't hurt me! I'm your friend!" said Rachel.

"No, you my enemy! You sneak like Sioux! Eagle Eye give you buffalo robe. I hate you! You'll ride no more with him! Hear!"

Anita clapped her hand over Rachel's mouth, threw her into Bear creek, then skulked down the stream.

Big Jim, white chief of the tribe, who lived on Blue Hawk peak, saw Anita throw Rachel into the creek. He ran, dove into the water and brought Rachel to the surface; unable to get up the steep bank, he called loudly for help. Eagle Eye was returning and answered the call; together they climbed the bank.

"Why you here, Jim? You sneak! You'll explain this," said Eagle Eye, as he tenderly wrapped his blanket around Rachel.

It was Christmas Eve; Rachel and Eagle Eye were behind the curtain. "Eagle Eye, Jim cares nothing for me; he saved my life and you must not harm him," said Rachel. "I've told you I can't marry you; I respect and like you; Anita loves you. Marry her, Eagle Eye—one of your own race."

"Me marry Anita after she tried to kill you! No; Indian is always avenged."

"Eagle Eye, you are your people's leader; they believe in you. It was love for you that prompted Anita to do as she did. You felt the same toward Jim when you thought he was taking me from you. Don't you understand? You are educated; you're to lead your people. Promise me? This is Christmas, Eagle Eye, and we should have good will toward all. You will promise me?"

Eagle Eye took Rachel's hand. "I promise," he said.

The curtain was drawn and the whoops and yells expressed but mildly the joy of the first Christmas to the Indians.

Old Eagle Chief said: "Big heap day when Eagle Eye was born; he has brought us education, civilization and Christ."

A yell went up from the tribe: "Eagle Eye shall be our Chief! Eagle Eye shall be our chief!"

AS SCULPTOR SEES SANTA



IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 14

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

LESSON TEXT—John 11:1-45.
GOLDEN TEXT—"I am the resurrection, and the life."
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Comforts a Family in Trouble.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Lazarus Raised From the Dead.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Christ's Power Over Death.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ, the Resurrection and the Life.

I. The Revelation of Christ's Love (vv. 1-38).

The Bethany family held a peculiar place in the affections of Jesus. When the doors of other homes were closed against Him, the door of this home flung wide open to receive Him.

1. Lazarus Sick (vv. 1, 2). Even those who are in close fellowship with the Lord are not immune from sickness.

2. Martha and Mary Send for Jesus (v. 3).

Because they had come to know Jesus more than a mere man they instinctively turned to Him when this shadow fell across their home. Those who receive Jesus into their homes, when all are well and happy, can be sure of His love and sympathy when sickness and death overtake them.

3. Jesus' Strange Delay (vv. 4-19). Martha and Mary sent for Jesus because He loved Lazarus. Now, Jesus "abode in the same place" because He "loved Lazarus and his sisters." Mere human sympathy would have moved Him to hasten to the home of trouble, but Divine love, which rests upon perfect knowledge, caused Him to tarry.

4. Jesus Meets Martha and Mary (vv. 20-37).

Martha and Mary knew the peril to which He would be exposed and therefore did not request that He come, but merely gave Him notice. They were willing that His coming should be left to Him.

(1) Martha Met Jesus (vv. 20-27). As He was nearing the village, Martha, who with her sister had passed through the awful ordeal of the sickness and death of a dear brother, met Him with a complaint for His delay. Because of His love He ignored her complaint and taught her concerning the resurrection and life. Martha, like many today, had a vague belief that God would raise Lazarus some time in the remote future. To her came the compelling declaration, "I am the resurrection, and the life." The great truth to be apprehended is that here and now we are united to the living Christ, the source of life, and that this is the pledge of bodily resurrection and eternal reunion.

(2) Mary Met Jesus (vv. 28-35). Mary came with the same words, but with a different voice and attitude. She fell down at His feet. She had been sitting at His feet in the days of sunshine. Therefore she knew where to go when sorrows cast their shadows across her path. Her words were answered by His tears. "Jesus wept."

II. The Resurrection of Lazarus (vv. 38-44).

The great sympathy now expresses itself in supernatural power. Sympathy would be valueless without its connection with divine power. In this stupendous miracle we see an illustration of the quickening into life of those dead in trespasses and sin.

Observe:

1. He Was Dead. This is a type of the sinner, dead in trespasses and sins, even morally corrupt (Eph. 2:1).

2. The Stone Must Be Rolled Away. This is the part the human must play.

3. In Unbelief Martha Protests Against the Stone Being Removed. She insists that Lazarus had already undergone putrefaction.

4. Christ's Intimacy and Fellowship With the Father as Revealed in His Prayer.

5. His Manner of Dealing With Lazarus. It was by a call. He is calling men and women today by His Spirit, His Word and His providence.

6. The Response of Lazarus Shows That His Call Was With Authority and Power. With the call goes the power to hear and obey, even though one be dead in trespasses and sin and therefore helpless.

7. The People Are Commanded to Remove the Grave-Clothes and Set Him Free. They could not make Lazarus alive, but they could remove the grave-clothes which bound the man whom Christ made alive.

III. The Effect of This Miracle (vv. 45-47).

This mighty work caused division of sentiment. Some believed on Jesus and some went to the Pharisees with the news.

Lacking Something

Some men are all man except heart, brain and "backbone."—American Evangelist.

Citizenship

A Christian citizenship can spell out nothing but "clean citizenship."—American Evangelist.

No Apology

A three-foot rule does not have to apologize for being thirty-six inches long.—American Evangelist.



WELL, you can't go no further," old Farmer Benson yelled, curving his mittened hands to his mouth so the words would reach the mail carrier, five or six feet on the other side of the fence. At the same time he nodded significantly toward the road farther on, where the snow had drifted entirely across, covering the fence on either side. "Five foot deep an' still driftin', an' plenty more places on ahead jest like it. Don't see how you got this fur. Well, we'll shovel out the gate, an' then you can drive in under my shed. It's three miles back to town, an' you can't return any more than you can go ahead. I never see snow fly so fast. Mebbe it'll ease up by tomorrow so we can start to plow the roads out, but 't ain't likely you'll get the mail round under two or three days, or perhaps a week. You'll drive right in."

It was trying, for this was the last day of rural free delivery No. 3. The route had been started as an experiment, but now was thought to hardly be worth while, and was to be dropped. John Holden had been one of the strongest advocates for it, and had obtained the route, leaving his oldest boy to look after the farm. The salary was not large, but in a year or so would enable him to stock the farm as he had wanted to stock it all his life.

At length the snow was cleared from sufficient space for the gate to be opened and swung back. Holden led his horse through the shed, then unharnessed and took him to the stable, where he fed him generously with the hay which Benson threw down from the wagon. Then the two men quickly arranged his mail into a compact package.

"We'll take it right into the house," said Benson. "It'll be safe there till you're able to go on."

Holden smiled and shook his head. "I shall go right on now," he said. "Mail mustn't be delayed, you know. Besides, a lot of this is Christmas mail."

"But, man alive, you can't do it!" expostulated Benson, incredulously. "It's half a mile to the next house, and that drift right ahead is up to your armpits, an' too soft to stand on an' too deep to push through. You're crazy!"

"Mebbe," laconically, "but it's got to be done."

All this time he had been fastening the package securely upon his shoulder.



"Look here, Holden, don't try it," he said.

ders. Now he straightened up, taking the broken half of a rake handle he saw near.

"If you don't mind, I'll take this along," he said. "It will help steady some."

Benson placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Look here, Holden," he said, earnestly. "don't you try it. The thing's nothing more nor less than suicide, and you know it."

Holden met his neighbor's look squarely and smiled. "I don't think so," he answered. "I shall try to creep along the fences where it's bad, and stick mostly to the high, windy ground across lots, where the snow will be less deep. I wouldn't wonder if I could make it all right. It's only a half mile to the next house, an' not more than that between any two places, an' only fourteen miles round the whole route. Then there's another thing, the main one," his face becoming grave: "you forget the folks who are waitin' for their mail, especially a Christmas one. The ones away are writin' to their folks then. What will it mean to them if I don't get 'round? Of course I don't know much about what's in the mail, but there's the Widow Cross, livin' alone, an' her son workin' up country in a mill. I've got a little for

her this mornin'. Mebbe 't ain't the one, but I wouldn't be surprised if she was without wood or coal to keep her warm an' a scrap to eat, an' that this letter will fix her up all right. Then there's Johnson an' his wife, who have a sick son off in China. They're out to the box every mornin' waitin' for me. I've got a letter for them, an' it's from China. An' there's Almy Rose, whose husband is off to sea, an' little Nina Clark, whose fellow is up to the mines workin' hard to earn enough to start housekeepin'. I've got letters for both of them. An' 't ain't all the mail, either. I do errands for a good many. You know the Watts', whose boy is so awful sick. They ain't nobody to send for a doctor. What mightn't it mean if I didn't get there in two or three days? No, no, Benson, I wouldn't dare to stay if I wanted to. I'm only one, an' they're a good many. Good-by."

Usually it required less than five minutes to drive between the houses, but it was two hours later when Holden struggled up on the piazza and knocked on the door, looking more like a crudely made snowman than anything human.

"For the land sake!" cried the woman who opened the door, "if it isn't Mr. Holden! How'd you ever manage to get through? But come right in. You can't go on any more today. My folks are almost scared to go to the barn."



It Was Still Snowing and the Drifts Much Deeper.

Come," throwing wide the door, "don't stand there in the cold. Take your wraps right off and set right up to the fire and warm."

"I haven't time now, thank you," Holden replied, as soon as he could interpose a word. "I must get on to Watts'. I have some medicine for the sick boy, an' he may need it. Here's your mail. Merry Christmas, speaking ahead." And once more he went out into the storm, disappearing in its blinding whirl almost instantly.

It was scarcely half a mile to Watts', but it took him twice the time to reach it. And when finally he stumbled up the steps, he had to pause to catch his breath before he could summon strength to knock.

"Merry Christmas, an' here's your mail, an' medicine," he gasped, as the door was opened. "No, I can't stop. I'm a good deal behind time, an' must reach the widow's tonight, an' Johnson's, an' Rose's an' others. They all ain't much over a quarter of a mile. The storm's something terrible. Good-by."

When he reached the Widow Cross' it was she who heard him fumbling about the door, and opened it, thinking it was a cat or dog wanting shelter.

At first he could not speak, but held out her letter.

"If it's the right one," he whispered presently, "I'll take it down to the store an' get your supplies in a few minutes, soon as I'm rested. It's only a few rods. An'—I hope you'll have a Merry Christmas."

"You'll stay all night, of course," she said, anxiously. "You're completely used up an' it won't be safe to attempt going any farther."

"Only to Johnson's an' Rose's an' one or two more, just beyond the store," he answered. "I have letters for them which I want to deliver tonight."

The next day it was still snowing, and the drifts much deeper. Although he started early and struggled through the snow until after dark, he made little more than a mile. It was Christmas day, when mail was not supposed to be delivered, but Holden did not even think of that. He had letters to leave, and anxious people were waiting for them. So Christmas went by.

The third day the weather turned colder and the moist snow crusted enough to bear one's weight. The snow changed to a bitter, driving sleet.

It was much harder traveling, but the crust enabled one to go more swiftly. This day Holden completed his delivery, and returned to the post office with the mail he had collected on the way.

Three days later the roads were open so he could go for his wagon. In the afternoon he went back to his farm.

Rural free delivery No. 3, however, was discontinued only a month. Then a letter came to the post office and was sent out to John Holden. It read:

"Owing to more definite information in regard to route No. 3 and to the prospect of its betterment, and more especially to the manner of the last day's delivery, the department has reconsidered the matter. The route will be continued for one year, with the probability of being made permanent. John Holden is appointed carrier."

(© 1924 Western Newspaper Union.)

Christmas Cheer

Christmas Cards and Booklets
Fancy Boxes Stationery
Stamped Goods

Christmas Ribbon Candy
Apollo Chocolates
Oranges
Grape Fruit

Citron
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Sage Cheese
Raisins
Currants

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Neckwear

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Grapes
Dates
Figs

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Olives
Jams
Jellies
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And lots of other things
Come In And See Us.

Robbins & Evans

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LOST—Rifle. Finder please notify
19:(c) FRANK STREETER

FOR RENT—Barn storage room.
19:(f:c) Mrs. C. R. NELSON

WANTED—Chairs to cane.
EVANGELINE COLTON
5-(f:c) East Northfield, Mass.

FOR RENT—Six-room cottage on
Elm avenue; electric lights.
9-(f:c) JOHN E. NYE.

LIVE STOCK—Bought, sold and ex-
changed. Wood for sale.
Tel. 19-5 E. L. MORSE
14:(f:p260)

WANTED—Cash paid for any old U.
S. Stamps on envelopes, issued be-
fore 1870.
DR. RALPH W. PAYNE
Greenfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—One Cow, been fresh 3
weeks; also one Driving Horse, wa-
gon and Sleigh. Horse will work.
A. H. IRISH,
Northfield.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Franklin, ss. Probate Court.

Case 20330.
To the department of mental dis-
eases and all other persons interested
in the property of Fred E. Dugar, of
Northfield in said County.

Whereas, Wesley N. Dugar, the
conservator of said property has pre-
sented for allowance, his first and
second accounts as conservator of
the property of said ward:
You are hereby cited to appear at
a Probate Court, to be held at Green-
field, in said County, on the first
Tuesday of January A. D. 1925, at
nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show
cause, if any you have, why the same
should not be allowed.

And said conservator is ordered to
serve this citation by delivering a
copy thereof to all persons interested
in the estate fourteen days at least
before said Court, or by publishing
the same once in each week, for
three successive weeks, in the North-
field Press, a newspaper published in
Northfield in said County, the
last publication to be one day at
least before said Court, and by mail-
ing, postpaid, a copy of this citation
to said department and all other
known persons interested in the es-
tate seven days at least before said
Court.

Witness, Francis Nims Thompson,
Esquire, Judge of said Court, this
twenty-sixth day of November in the
year one thousand nine hundred and
twenty-four.

JOHN C. LEE, Register.
19-21:D&F)

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company



FOR
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY:

A&P Evaporated Milk 3 tall cans, 25c
Evaporated Milk
Van Camp, Borden, Carnation and
Sealot 3 tall cans, 27c
Saltina Biscuits 1gs. pkgs., 17c
A&P Condensed Milk 2 cans, 27c
Blue Rose Rice 1lb., 9c
Bulk Rolled Oats 1lb., 5c
Potted Meat med. size can, 9c
Kitchen Sets, four piece each 59c

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Especially equipped for electrical
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Christmas Novelties

Art Goods
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and
Materials
Linens
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Mme. Monat
HOTEL MONAT

Please Enter by Main St. Door

For Christmas

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE and JEWELRY

We strongly recommend the Bulova wrist watch as an
ideal Christmas Gift, combining correct style and de-
pendable service.

In yellow green and white gold, from
\$20.00 to \$50.00

Other white gold wrist watches as low as
\$15.00

Clocks from small one-day time pieces at
\$1.50 to

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1847 and Wm. Rogers silver flat ware
in several patterns

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\$3.00 to \$7.20 a dozen

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RINGS, PINS, CHAINS, CUFF LINKS
and an endless variety of jewelry in solid gold
and gold filled.

Fountain pens and pencils, singly and in sets.

It Will Be a Pleasure To Show You Our Line.

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VERMONT

Eighth of a series of advertisements regarding the
telephone situation in New England

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The Greatest Problem

New England demands every year more and
more telephone service. It also demands that
the quality of its existing service shall be
maintained.

This can be accomplished only by building
millions of dollars' worth of new telephone plant
for additional service, and by rebuilding millions
of dollars' worth of plant, as it becomes un-
serviceable, at prices greatly in excess of its first
cost. The service of every subscriber is involved.

To build more plant requires more money. We
must get a hundred million dollars in the next
five years if this demand is to be met.

The greatest single problem of this Company is
how to get this money.

It ought also to be of the greatest concern to
New England, because, if this new money is not
obtained, the telephone business will cease to
advance as New England advances.

New money cannot be obtained unless our
credit is good.

For good credit, we must earn dividends suf-
ficiently large, and a margin that will insure the
payment of these dividends at all times, to
make our securities an attractive investment for
the savings of New England people.

We cannot do this at present telephone rates.
The problem cannot be solved unless we get
higher rates.



New England Telephone
& Telegraph Company

MATT B. JONES, President.

RADIO

We have the Freed-Eiseman and Radiola receivers
TUBES BATTERIES LOUD SPEAKERS
BATTERY CHARGERS HEAD SETS
Everything in Radio.

Burnt out Tubes exchanged or repaired

Get your order in early for your winter Radio

H. A. REED & SON

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Toys for Kiddies

The Christmas Shop where High Quality and Low Price meet. The Shop which excels in Gift Selections for the Whole Family.

NEW LEATHER GOODS

Pocket Books Key Cases
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STATIONERY

You would appreciate fine stationery for yourself, why not give it to your best friends? Attractive gift boxes from

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POTTERY

A fine line of Hagar pottery; vases, flower bowls, salad bowls, candle sticks, console sets.

BOOKS

Here are books for children, books for boys and girls. Fiction, biography and gift books of every sort by popular and well known authors.

TOYS

Wonderful things to make Christmas day a happy one for the children.

Dolls that walk, talk and sleep.

American Flyer Engines, big line of mechanical toys.

Games, latest and best, as well as the old ones we like.

Doll Carriages, fine line, \$3.50 to \$12.00.

Tinker Toys, full assortment of these substantial toys.

ELBERT SIMONS
THE SHOP UNIQUE
BRATTLEBORO VERMONT



Sunday School Christmas Tree

By Laura Elaine Cameron

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

DOROTHY HERNDON pleaded with her daddy a long time before she got him to consent to go with her and her mother to the church Christmas tree, and when finally he did consent to do as she wished, his face wore such a martyr-like expression that Mrs. Herndon only saved herself from laughing aloud because Dorothy was present, and after the child had gone to bed she brought up the subject and insisted that she did not see why he could not have consented with a better grace. She also talked to him at some length about his unwillingness to go anywhere, telling him what a mistake he was making in acting thus, and how much happiness he was missing and depriving her and Dorothy of, too.

But her words were wasted upon George Herndon, for he had made up his mind that he was going to be bored to death with the whole affair, and he told her again that he was just going because of her and the child. "You know how much I care for such doings," he finished up.

George Herndon was the sort of husband that is known by the title of "good provider." He saw to it that his wife and child wanted for nothing; their every need was almost anticipated, and he was kind and loving at all times. But he had one great fault, which, of course, he himself did not admit was any fault at all, and that was he never seemed to think his wife and daughter needed any companionship or amusement outside of what was in the home. He felt that they ought to be content as he was, to sit and enjoy the evenings quietly, never stopping to think that even the softest and most comfortable nest in the world would grow tiresome, were

the bird to remain there all the while.

But he had given his consent to go to Dorothy's party, so when Christmas Eve came he accompanied her and his wife to the church, still wearing the martyr-like look upon his face. He told himself as he went along that he had no business to come—that his wife and child could just as well have come without him, if they had insisted upon going.

The church was one of those neighborly little churches to be found in every city, where the stranger is made to feel at home and where the spirit of comradeship and good-fellowship is at its best. The minister was the sort of man who never permitted a stranger to take a back seat, and the moment his eyes fell upon George Herndon he came forward. He chatted pleasantly a few minutes and then, without waiting for a refusal, dragged him off to the busiest corner of the auditorium, where he left him to the mercy of half-a-dozen men, who piled him with work for the next hour.

That evening changed George Herndon, for he found that it was a sort of pleasant feeling to meet and mingle with people in a social way, and to know that he had worked and helped in a worthy cause. He found that it gave a fellow a sort of buoyant feeling to be called upon to lend a hand here and there, and the memory of the joy and delight that filled the children when Santa Claus finally came upon the scene remained with him a long time. For he came to the conclusion that evening that even such a good thing as sitting around the home fires can be overdone.

A Puzzled Young Man

"Does Santa have hands like other folks, mother?" asked Tommy.
"Yes, dear, of course."
"What do they call him Santa Claus for, then?"—M. B. Thomas.

The Busy Shoppers

The crowds observed during the early part of the Christmas shopping season were evidently getting warmed up for the real fray.



Gift selections when made at this store tell in a manner most pleasing to the giver and satisfying to the recipient the story of the Christmas Spirit. Quality is always paramount here, yet prices are most reasonable.

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Face Powders:
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Perfumes in great variety

ARTICLES FOR MEN

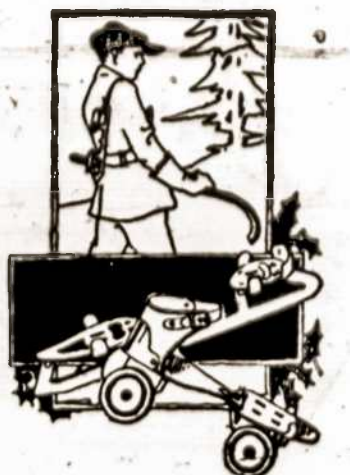
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Water Color Paints
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Brushes
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Cigars in packs of 5 and 10
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CANDY in bulk and boxes.

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Shoes with Skates
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"STAR" GRAFONOLAS, All Prices

GEORGE'S PHARMACY

NORTHFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

Make it a Musical Christmas

Will it be there on Xmas Morning?

Why deny your home the inspiration of good music?

Why not make this Christmas a musical one with the help of an Edison or Victor Phonograph.

Come in now and select one for Christmas delivery while our line is complete.

Here are a Few Other Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

Banjo Ukes, - from \$6.50 to 22.50
Ukes, - from 2.75 to \$15.00
Toy Saxophones, - 75c and 7.00
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Horns, Jewsharps, Bubble Books, Victor and Edison Records

TERMS TO SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE

Allen & Woodworth Co.

275 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

DINAH DON'T CARE

DINAH DON'T CARE was a careless Ethiopian. The china cups that passed through her hands fell to the floor and many a plate bore the nick of the time when she had handled it. The meat was scorched in the oven and the gravy was upset out of it, but Dinah merely said, "What's got ter be, is got ter be," and dismissed the unpleasant incident. The bathroom tap flowed on after her departure, to the release of a large area of plastering, but Dinah only thanked "de good Lawd" that she wasn't under it when it fell.

There was an anxiety underneath that polished ebony smile, however, for, after Dinah had earned the rest of her name by declaring that she didn't "care nuffin 'bout Chrismus," it was discovered that a long black stocking, that just matched her complexion, had been hanging from the shelf in her room for more than a week preceding the great holiday!—Christopher G. Hazard.
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

If Sandy Claws Was Pa

I'VE often thought what fun 'twould be

If Sandy Claws was pa.
He surely would be good to me,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He'd let me see the million toys
He makes for little girls and boys;
An' every single winter's day
I'd ketch onto the reindeer sleigh,
An' he'd be good an' wouldn't mind,
But jes p'tend that he was blind,
An' wouldn't never whip behind,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

The reindeer'd take us 'way up high,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
They'd trot right through the air as 'sky.

If Sandy Claws was pa.
An' pa would tell me how the deer
Could do things so awful queer
An' why they stay up in the air
Without balloons to keep 'em there;
He'd tell me how they fly all night
Up past the stars so big an' bright,
Without a single wing in sight,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

The pole explorers would be blue,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
We'd find the pole before they do,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
For we'd go there jes like a streak;
It wouldn't take us half a week
To make the trip, ner half a day,
Ner half a night while on the way.
It's great ole time them reindeer make
When their slim legs git wide awake—
Not half an hour it wouldn't take,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

Each night there'd be a Christmas tree,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
An' one each day besides fer me,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He'd tell me how he climbs right down
The red-hot chimneys in the town,
An' how he ever, ever leasrat
To never git his whiskers burnt.
But what's the use of thinkin' so?
These dreams is nice, but they don't go
Fer pa ain't Sandy Claws, you know,
An' Sandy Claws ain't pa.



Practical Gifts are by far the more popular nowadays both by those who give and those that receive. This is the reason why we have a large selection of

HOSIERY

Wool, silk and cotton, for all the family.

UNDERWEAR

Women and Children's, warm and attractive.

GLOVES

Women's and Children's Kid, Fabric, Mocha, Brushed Wool.

BLOUSES

Women's sport or dressy blouses in cotton or silk.

HANDKERCHIEFS

All kinds and for all.

UMBRELLAS

A large assortment for all the family.

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The Home of Pure Drugs.

GOT WISE TO JIMSON'S TRICK HIP

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)

SO RUNS the motto: "Every man has a Klondike in his own brain. Keep digging." But not every man has a Klondike in his hip.

Malachi Jimson was a natural plumber. He could pull ten dollars out of a one-dollar job with as much ease as a magician can extract a rabbit from a silk hat; and he could do his work so artistically that he would have to come back to it a second, and perhaps even a third time. His life was one long golden dream, until a department store automobile knocked him down and dislocated his right hip.

"Sorry," said the hospital surgeon, "but I'm afraid this will incapacitate you for continuous work; for it's liable to pop out any time."

The store compromised for a thousand dollars, of which Jimson's attorney gloomily appropriated a mere half.

"A good case for five thou', if you hadn't bungled it by contributory negligence," grumbled the legal philanthropist. "Next time, don't contribute."

"You bet I won't," mourned Malachi.

He did not mind being incapacitated for work; for he had never done any. But how was he to get money to live? As he fingered his five hundred lovingly, an idea came to him. On his discharge from the hospital, his brain took his hip into partnership, and organized "Jimson, Limited." He sought a retired spot and experimented until he could dislocate the joint and replace it without any great inconvenience.

Malachi trod on air, as he limped along the city pavements. Between the curbs was flowing a Pactolus with sands of pure gold. Only to convert it into cash required courage and judgment.

His five hundred dollars ebbed rapidly, while he awaited a favorable opportunity. But most automobilists seemed to be either too reckless or too provokingly careful. He was roughly rescued several times by meddlesome policemen, once being kept only by a hair's breadth from snatching a three-thousand-dollar bonanza from under the tires of a green driver. Desperation urged him to take a chance with a sedan, in which a young couple were mooning happily along through the twilight of a side street. He was picked up, bruised but triumphant with a badly dislocated hip. The settlement netted him six hundred and fifty dollars.

Then ensued an Odyssey of disasters, widely separated in time and place.

In Cincinnati, Rudolph Edersheim, forty-seven, was thrown violently to the ground by a grocery wagon; he had the good fortune to roll just clear of the wheels. At the hospital his right hip was found to be dislocated. It cost the concern eight hundred dollars to adjust the damage.

A month later Ladislav Ladislavski was knocked over in Cleveland by a heavy furniture van. The Granger Liability company, after an examination by their own physician, paid five hundred cash and all expenses, including a fortnight at a first-class hotel.

Five weeks afterward in Minneapolis Jens Jensen fell under the wheels of Mrs. Goldvelt's limousine in Waterloo park. The lady stoutly insisted that the man had thrown himself before her machine, like a devotee of Juggernaut. On the contrary, the man testified with evident unwillingness that he had tried his best to escape, but that she had run him down. His lawyer made much of his client's reluctance to throw the blame on a woman; and the jury, after being out only ten minutes, awarded him fifteen hundred dollars, against the tearful and excited protests of Mrs. Goldvelt, whose own husband believed she was at fault, but who fought the case on principle.

The strange thing was that all these different victims inhabited the earthly tenement of Malachi Jimson.

As the experienced prospector discovers wealth in the common soil, over which thousands have thoughtlessly trodden, so Malachi garnered nuggets, overlooked by the careless crowd. While he was spilling the Egyptians, he lived on the fat of the land. As he rested comfortably in the hospital in one city, he drafted his next campaign with Napoleonic skill.

Whenever he needed money, an accident occurred. Either the party compromised or fought furiously; the award by a sympathetic jury was generally larger than the damages would have been in a settlement out of court. Malachi, however, vastly preferred the latter method, for he did not then have to divide the spoil with his lawyer.

The business was no more difficult or dangerous than football, and incomparably more profitable. Malachi had everything calculated to a nicety. He eschewed witnesses. He banned contributory negligence. Electric cars he shunned like a pestilence. He had seen a man gathered up from under a fender, and he felt no desire to have his own profitable career terminated so abruptly.

He became a keen observer of the habits of prosperous people. It took judgment to select the right car and the right driver. There was no money in being knocked down by a driver.

Sometimes, indeed, he made mistakes; sometimes fortune was against him. Once a three-thousand-dollar verdict was nullified by the defendant's going into bankruptcy and paying only ten per cent, leaving Malachi in debt to his own lawyer.

He grew wise in the ways of surgeons and hospitals. He dared not repeat Doctor Coue's formula, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better," lest inadvertently he might cure himself and destroy his means of livelihood.

At last he was unlucky enough to take out an accident policy. On his next coup he locked horns with the insurance company. He won, but the surgeon was suspicious and insulting. "I believe you're a crook. I'll get you yet."

Malachi felt uneasy, and with good reason. His next accident came only a week later in the same city, and against his will. A taxi stole up on him in the dusk, and sped away, after knocking him senseless.

As he was drowsing comfortably in the hospital one afternoon, the ward doctor, accompanied by two stout knaves with a stretcher, halted beside his bed. Soon Malachi found himself on the table in the operating room.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Fix your hip, so that you'll never have any more trouble with it," the surgeon reassured him.

Malachi became wide awake in a moment. These thugs were preparing to steal away his living.

"Help! Murder! Police!" he shouted.

It was a very pretty fracas. Malachi gave a gallant imitation of Samson, fighting for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but the Philistines were too many for him. Pans, bandages, knives and lancets flew in all directions. Operating-room colloquialisms filled the air, remarks which never get into the papers but which show that medical men still are human.

Malachi fought with all the limbs he had. He kicked one doctor. He knocked another down. He tipped a screen over; behind it, like a lurking tiger, grinned his enemy, the insurance surgeon.

Finally they had him--on the hip. The two strong varlets gripped his arms; a pair of nurses held his legs; a two-hundred-pound janitor sat on his stomach. He couldn't strike or kick or even bite. The ward physician fastened a strangle hold on his throat and pushed back his head. "The poor fellow's off his nut," panted he pityingly. "Stifle him, Doc!"

Grinning more fiendishly than ever, the insurance surgeon jammed the ether cone down over his nose and mouth. Malachi held his breath till he was black in the face and saw a hundred Milky Ways; at last he had to fill his lungs and Old Doc Ether got in his dirty work. Jimson took the count and went off in a roaring Niagara of fireworks.

He came to with a stabbing ache in his hip and his arms held immovably in a straight jacket. His enemy and the house surgeon were looking at him.

"I'll guarantee that hip never'll pop out again," said the hospital man. "That metal bond'll hold it in place until he sprouts wings."

Malachi's nemesis only grinned pleasantly.

They did not take off the straight jacket until the wound had healed, and Jimson was discharged, cured. At the first opportunity he tried to throw his hip out, but found that he couldn't. He faced a cold, heartless world, reduced once more to the necessity of going back to plumbing.

Woman Man's Superior in Matter of Patience

Have you ever watched a man waiting for a train or waiting his turn for an audience with an office chief or waiting at his tailor's until the fitter is ready to try on a new suit? In nine cases out of ten his whole attitude betrays an impatience which, when the psychological moment is long delayed, often reaches the point of exasperation. Margaret Gordon, writing in the London Chronicle, asserts.

Such occasions always remind me of a story of Louis XIV, the Grand Monarch, who exclaimed when some court official failed to respond instantly to the royal summons, "I really believe I am being kept waiting!" Any though the average plain man does not express his hatred of being kept waiting in words, at heart most of them feel just like the imperious French king.

Woman, on the other hand, having been kept waiting since the world began, has learned a divine patience which is her own secret. She rarely fidgets when the train is late or even when the person she expects to meet is ages behind the hour of the appointment. Unless love keeps the man in question up to time, she usually accepts the perfunctory apology with a smile. Even now, when so many women work, no man will admit that her time has anything like the value of that of a member of his own sex.

Petroleum Consumption

The estimated total consumption of petroleum and petroleum products throughout the world during 1923 was over 38,000,000,000 gallons, of which the United States consumed 66 per cent in addition to bunker oil shipped at United States ports for the use of vessels engaged in the foreign trade, which would bring the American requirements up to 70.2 per cent of the world figure.



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Goodco Rolls, Donuts, Buns, Cakes, Pies, Pastry

Each product of the Goodco Bakery is made with the same care that every housewife uses. Only the finest ingredients are used and every kind is prepared by a baker highly skilled in his own line.

Goodco Christmas

Plum Pudding

The same pudding that proved so popular at Thanksgiving time.

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Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

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Stock and Mutual Fire.

CHARLES F. PACKARD, 318 Main St., Greenfield, Tel. Greenfield 318-W
Ask for reverse phone charges to Greenfield when calling Packard about Insurance

A TERRIBLE PITY.

Every little while I have to tell a patient: "You are too late; you have neglected your eyes too long; the nerve is injured."

DON'T BE THE NEXT.
Have Your Eyes Examined NOW

F. L. GAINES

Registered Optometrist
371 Main Street

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DIRECTORY ADS

PAY

TRY ONE

CHRISTMAS—and "GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE!"

by
FRANCES
MARSHALL
MORGAN

MAGAZINE
writer not long
ago made the
statement that
the real Christ-
mas spirit was as de-
ceased as old Marley's
ghost—dead as the pro-
verbial doornail—or dead-
er. "We are shekel-mad,"
he said in substance; "we
modern men and women;
even our children have
become too sophisticated
to believe in its milk and
water myths."

A man who will deliberately
and with malice aforethought sit down be-
fore his wheezy old typing machine
and whack out mildewed sentiments
of that kind, without a single qualify-
ing phrase attached, is either a born
moron or a shameless glutton. Either
he came into the world with light men-
tal luggage or else he wrote that ar-
ticle the day after the Christmas feast
—three helpings of juicy, brown turkey
nestling close to a sugary pyramid of
cranberries, fragrant gilet gravy and
biscuits—southern style—done to a
golden turn; a feast in which a steam-
ing, raisin-studded and spice-spiked
plum pudding played a stellar role.

This is a day of "movements." Sup-
pose we start a brand new one. Sup-
pose we go out and run to earth every
sour, dyspeptic, disillusioned, kill-joy
old Scrooge in the land, tie ropes of
popcorn, scarlet ribbons and tinsel se-
curely around each scrawny old neck
and hang them high as Haman on the
biggest, brightest Christmas tree that
ever made happy the hearts of tiny
boys and girls. (And serve them
right.) And we'll let them screech,
"Humbly! Humbug!" as loudly as
they choose—once they are safely
strung up.

This would be a sad world, indeed,
were it not for the other kind of folk.
Thanks be to the gods that have kept
alive the beautiful, child-like, generous
spirit of them—those wonderful ones,
ever young, ever remembering, though
their heads be as silver, who believe
in Christmas; who believe in Santa
Claus, in little laughing children; in
friendship's vows renewed; who be-
lieve in making the eyes of the best
beloved to shine like the Christmas
stars themselves.

And here are three lusty cheers for
the men and women who stand boldly
forth and stoutly maintain that "Ole
Chris'mus" has changed not one jot or
tittle throughout the ages—that it will
never change as long as childhood lasts
in the world, as long as family ties
bind and friendship's faith remains.
Bless their loving hearts! May their
Christmas wish come true, be they
rich or poor, of high or low degree,
and in whatever place they bless with
their sweet presence.

Christmas was surely meant to be a
season of joy and laughter, as well as
one in which we glorify the birth of



Brought in Loads of Scarlet-Berried
Holly and Mistletoe.

the blessed Savior. Throughout the
centuries a spirit of revelry has marked
the tide of Yule. The observance of
an annual season of merrymaking
dates back even farther than the ad-
vent of Christianity. It is said that
long ere the birth of the Babe of
Bethlehem the ancient pagans cele-
brated a yearly feast near the winter
solstice. Romans called this the Satur-
nalia. It was marked with much wine-
drinking, dancing and eating.

In the ancient countries of the
North huge fires were kindled and as
their leaping flames shot skyward hu-
man beings were sacrificed upon the
altars to Thor and Oden. The Goths
and Saxons called this the festival of
Yule.

The Teutons selected a huge tree
which they raised amid much chanting
and shouting, in honor of the god of
the sun. Bright objects and lights
were placed in its branches to rep-
resent the light of day, the moon and
stars. Animals were fastened to the
branches, historians say, that the pa-

gan gods might be propitiated in favor
of their savage worshippers.

So we know that the Christmas cele-
brations were not in the beginning of
religious significance. But with Chris-
tianity's dawn the many old customs
that remained were given a religious
symbolism. There are a number of
our present-day customs that are pic-
turesque and interesting because of
their great antiquity.

When we tramp into the winter
woods and bring home loads of scar-
let-berried holly and mistletoe we are
merely following in the footsteps of
our pagan ancestors. When we wreath
our doorills and windows with the
beautiful, waxy white clusters of
mistletoe, when we ornament the man-
tle above the bright fire with its dark-
green clusters we are but unconscio-
usly repeating the pagan custom of old
when the Druids, the ancient priests,
performed their mystical rites upon
their forest altars.

The cutting and burning of the Yule
log is, today, as important as a feature
of the Christmas celebrations of the
manor homes of "Merrie England" as
it was before the world knew the
meaning of a true Christian observance
of the season. The cheery, heart-
ening salutation "Merry Christmas!"
originated in England. This greeting
has never been known to fail in bring-
ing a smile to even the most woe-be-
gone countenance.

And an English Christmas is, indeed,
a wonderful thing to experience. Even
the very tales of the Englishman's
Yuletide make our hearts beat faster
and our imaginations run riot. The
time has not yet arrived when Dick-
ens' "Christmas Carol" with its descrip-
tions of the Christmas market stalls
with their long rows of hanging geese
decorated with bunches of sage and
onions, of tarts, puddings and sweet-
meats will lose its delicious charm and
mouth-watering powers.

And who can write about Christmas
without thinking of the humble, though
none the less delectable dinner presid-



Carols Sung by Waits Who Went From
House to House.

ed over by proud Bob Cratchet—and
Tiny Tim seated at the board with his
frail, small fingers clasping his spoon
and repeating honest Bob's blessing as
he gazed upon his adoring family—
"God bless us, every one!" Poor little
Tim with his crutch across his knee!

Some authorities state that the
Christmas tree as we know it origina-
ted in Scandinavia. Others claim that
the Germans first made use of it. Cer-
tain it is that we, in our own land, did
not have our brightly decorated trees
until after the German immigrant ar-
rived.

Christmas carols are sung in many
lands; in England, in France where
they are called "noels," in Wales, Ire-
land and Italy and in many other
countries. In Italy, at the season of
Advent, the Calabrian shepherds troop
down from their hills and chant their
unusual mountain songs in the cities.
The word "carol" is derived from the
"cantare" meaning to sing and "rola,"
an interjection of joy; therefore it is
not a musical form peculiarly belong-
ing to Christmas, although it is usual-
ly associated with this season. One of
the most ancient, if not the very oldest
carol of a religious nature is the ex-
quisite, "While Shepherds Watched
Their Flocks by Night." It was writ-
ten by Nahum Tate, England's poet
laureate in 1692.

Quaint old English carols that are
still sung are: "God Rest You, Merry
Gentlemen," "Good King Wenceslas"
and "The Holly and Ivy." These were
sung by the waits who went from
house to house in the old days. A
whole book could be made interesting
by recounting the customs of the an-
cient carol singers of the different
lands.

In connection with the Christmas
candle which has been used as a beau-
tiful symbol in many countries from
ancient days to the present it is in-
teresting to know that even the gypsies,
those wandering, mysterious vaga-
bonds of unknown origin and self-con-
fessed paganism, have a legend about
a burning candle that was set at a cer-
tain season to light the way of a
mother and child across the darkness
of a desert land. This legend is to be
found somewhere in an old book—per-
haps it was recounted by George Bor-
row—but the writer of these lines has
been unable to locate it again.

After all, it is the spirit of any ob-
servance that truly counts.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Christmas in Dixie
Way down South in de land ob cotton,
An' down in de pine-tree groun',
De possum pie am not fo' gotten,
When de Christmas time comes roun'.
Hooray fo' de chickens an' de hot-cohn
pone!
Hooray, hooray, fo de sweet ham bone!
—Leslie's Weekly.

What to Give—Is answered by

The Store of Yuletide Cheer

EVERY year we find new, practical, smart and
frivolous gifts for Christmas giving. No
other store can offer the endless varieties, the
vast assortments, that Forbes & Wallace can.

This is Springfield's Christmas Store—make it yours.

Anything on this page can be ordered through
our Personal Shoppers. If you send them the
address you want any gift to go to, they will
pack it for you with your Christmas message in
bright holiday gift wrappings. Shop by mail

Women's Flannel Lounging Robes

Are smartest when they are
copied in the style of a
man's dressing gown, cord
bindings, deep pockets and
all, in stripes, or checks or
jacquard novelties. Alba-
tross and other wool models
are also included.

\$5.95 to \$24.95

Women's Quilted Silk Robes

Are so promising in luxury,
that while you are buying
one for someone else's gift
you'll be tempted at least to
send one home for yourself
Satin, crepe de chine or taf-
feta, with marabou, lace or
tailored bindings

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Pillows

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Velour Pillows

\$2.39 to \$7.95

Smart shapes and colors for
davenport or chair cushions,
finished in velour with gold
braid or floral decorations.
Stunning shades of blue,
rose, gold or mulberry, or in
black.

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Big, comfortable, soft cush-
ions in novelty shapes and
brightly decorative in their
rose, blue, orchid, gold or
black; trimmed with silk or
gold braid.

Artercrafts Shop, 3d. Floor

Travel Clocks

At two unusual prices.

\$18.50 and \$19.50

Imported French clocks in
decorated or pin seal leather
in red, blue, green, tan, gray
—many colors and many de-
signs. Any one is sure to be
a gift in perfect taste.

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Is One of the Popular
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Vests at \$1.75

Fine quality glove silk vests
in the popular shades of
flesh, sky, Nile or peach
Made with self straps.

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Novelty glove silk sets, file
lace, trimmed with Chemises
\$5.50

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Vests \$3.00

Matching bloomer and vest
sets, glove silk lace trimmed.

Vests \$2.50

Bloomers \$3.00

Chemises \$3.95

Underwear, 2nd. Floor.

Hudnut's Gift Sets, \$1.75

A Holiday Box

Toilet water, face powder
and talc in the popular Vi-
olet Sec odor, packed attrac-
tively, makes a gift any girl
would like to receive.

Colgate's Florient Extract,
in a smart bottle, sealed
with a ground glass stopper.
\$1.00

Quelque Fleurs Perfumes, in
new containers and individ-
ual silk lined boxes,
\$4.00

Djer Kiss Perfume, in dis-
tinctive gift bottles,
\$1.75

Toiletries, Main Floor.

Glassware in Black and in Colors

98c to \$5.50

In the basement store, flower
bowls, vases, candy jars and
salad plates of the decor-
ative and colorful variety that
make an extremely pleasing
choice for the person who
appreciates a gift just out of
the ordinary.

What Would She Like Better than a Fur Coat for Christmas

This Selection of Coats Concentrates
on Feature Prices

Beige Caracul

Coats with collar of red
fox, or collar and cuffs
Viatka squirrel.
\$139.00

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In natural coloring a 45
inch driving or utility
coat.
\$210.00

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In 30-inch sport model,
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the same.
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42-inch length Coat,
beautifully blended and
richly lined.
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Coat in 40-inch model
trimmed with skunk or
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\$195.00

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(Dyed muskrat) coat in
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\$275.00

The complete holiday showing features squirrel, natu-
ral and blended, raccoon, leopard, kimmer, silver musk-
rat, American broadtail and Australian opossum.
Furs, 2nd. Floor.

The Gift of Jewelry

Is Always New for there are
Always new fashions to send

Pearl Chokers

\$1.00

Graduated strings in
the fashionable choker
lengths. Indestructible
pearls.

Mesh Bags

\$4.50

Fine gold or silver plate
mesh on smart new
frames. With chain
handles.

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Fashion recommends
this gift, the four strand
bracelet of tiny pearls.

Tinted Pearls

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Choker necklaces of
pearls that are large
and tinted, are very
new.

Stone Set Bracelets

\$1.00

Narrow bracelets set
with stones are popular
to match with colored
necklaces.

Vanity Cases

\$1.50

Round, flat pocket cases
to carry powder and
rouge. Silver plated and
with chain handle.

Indestructible Pearl Necklaces, \$3.50

Carefully graduated, 27-inch strings. The pearls are in
excellent color and this gift is in a special holiday box.

Jewelry, Main Floor.

FLOOR AND BRIDGE LAMPS, Cont'd

60 Floor Lamps—40 Bridge Lamps

This is the assortment you have to choose from. The
lamp bases are hand carved, in polychrome or walnut fin-
ish. And the shades are silk and georgette with deep silk
and bullion fringe.

All Shapes, All Colors

Your choice is complete, from round, octagonal, oval or
square shaped shades in any of these popular color
schemes:

Gold and Rose
Rose and Blue

Rose, Black and Cold
Taupe and Rose

Tangerine and Mulberry

Many shades are finished with an applique
band of flowers or with brocaded inserts.
Lamps, Basement store.

FORBES & WALLACE

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Floor and Bridge Lamps On Sale at \$23.95

Mean an actual Saving of almost
\$10 on a Choice Christmas Gift

We purchased one hundred of them, to get the price down
this low. Ordinarily lamps of this quality and finish sell
at not less than \$33.00.

New Umbrellas

Seem to have entirely forgotten their one time humble position as mere rainy day necessities, so smart looking are these being chosen for Christmas that they take the place among the most important items of dress.

WOMEN'S UMBRELLAS
\$1.50 to \$13.95
MEN'S UMBRELLAS
\$1.50 to \$7.50
CHILDREN'S UMBRELLAS
\$1.00 to \$2.48

The Christmas Store

BAGS

Handbags of the sort which give a note of distinction always. Envelope bags are part of every street costume, and may be chosen in leather, silk or brocade. Bags beaded in lovely patterns and colors. And a price range that meets every plan of expenditure.

\$1.00 to \$8.50

THERE are all kinds of lovely things that will bring an exclamation of delight from even the difficult-to-please person. And even were we to devote paragraphs to the various departments ready to serve you in your Christmas shopping, we could barely suggest the wealth of ideal gifts available in our holiday assortments. Special attention will be paid to mail and telephone orders, which will be shipped the same day.

CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEFS

A visit to this interesting department will prove the solution to many gift problems. Handkerchiefs suggest dainty gifts, and one has ample opportunity to express one's individuality by selecting from large stocks.

WOMEN'S MADERIA HDKFS.—All pure linen, hand embroidered maderia
50c to \$1.50 EACH

WOMEN'S HDKFS.—Fine quality sheer white linen, hand drawn linen, dainty hand embroidered corners.
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WOMEN'S COLORED LINEN HDKFS.—Pure linen, hemstitched hems, in assorted widths, embroidered corners as sorted colors and designs. 25 to \$1.00

WOMEN'S HDKFS.—Plain white, pure linen, hemstitched hems, all widths.
10c to 50c EACH

WOMEN'S HDKFS.—Sheer Lawn, novelty colored prints, 1-2 inch hemstitched borders. 15c EACH

WOMEN'S HDKFS.—Fine quality lawn Handkerchiefs, colored, embroidered corner design. 12 1-2c EACH

WOMEN'S HDKFS.—Solid color, mercerized lawn, 1-2 in. hem. 10c EACH

WOMEN'S INITIAL HDKFS.—Pure Linen hand embroidered, initial wreath design 1-2 in. hemstitched hem. 50c EACH

WOMEN'S INITIAL HDKFS.—All linen, 1-2 in. hemstitched hem, Old English Initial. 25c EACH

WOMEN'S BOXED HDKFS.—Pure linen, solid color, and pure white, dainty hand embroidered corners, 1-2 in. hemstitched hems, three handkerchiefs in box. \$1.00 to \$1.98 BOX

WOMEN'S BOXED HDKFS.—Fine sheer lawn, 1-4 inch hem, corners embroidered in assorted colors and designs, three handkerchiefs in box. 25c to 75c BOX

CHILDREN'S BOXED HDKFS.—School Day Handkerchiefs, each handkerchief embroidered with the day of the week in colors on fine lawn. 6 in Box 50c

CHILDREN'S BOXED HDKFS.—Embroidered corners, animal designs, 3 in box. 25c and 50c Box

BOYS' HDKFS.—All pure linen, 1-4 in. hemstitched hem, pure white. 25c EACH

BOYS' HDKFS.—Soft finish lawn, white with woven stripes, novelty colored border. 15c EACH

CHILDREN'S FAIRY HDKFS.—Good quality lawn, fairy printed border with printed rhymes. 5c EACH

MEN'S COLORED BORDER HDKFS.—Soft finish lawn, novelty colored stripes, assorted colors. 15c to 50c EACH

MEN'S HDKFS.—Fine quality lawn, assorted width hems. 5c to 15c EACH

MEN'S INITIAL HDKFS.—Pure linen, 1-4 inch hemstitched hem, block initial. 50c EACH

MEN'S INITIAL HDKFS.—All linen, embroidered initial, 1-4 in. hem. 25c EACH

MEN'S HDKFS.—All pure linen, 1-4 and 1-2 in. hemstitched hems. 30c to 75c EACH

MEN'S HDKFS.—All linen handkerchiefs, 1-4 in. hemstitched hems. 25c EACH

MEN'S SILK HDKFS.—White silk, fine quality, 1-2 in. hemstitched hem. \$1.00 EACH

MEN'S JAP SILK HDKFS.—Solid color, hemstitched border, novelty colored stripes. \$1.00 EACH

MEN'S PONGEE HDKFS.—All silk, hand thread drawn. 75c to \$1.00 EACH

Extensive Stocks Make Fascinating Choosing in GIFT HOSIERY

The fine quality of our hosiery commends itself to the seeker for gifts practical and attractive.

WOMEN'S SILK AND WOOL HOSE.—Reinforced sole, toe and heel, colors taupe, tan, fog, cordovan and black. Price \$1.00

WOMEN'S WOOLEN SPORT HOSE.—with woven silk stripes, semi-fashioned. Price \$1.98

WOMEN'S PURE WORSTED SPORT HOSE.—Fashioned leg, colors, American brown heather, light fawn heather, brown heather and oxford gray. Price \$1.98

WOMEN'S SILK AND WOOL HOSE.—heel and toe reinforced with pure silk, double sole. Colors, silver fox, grey, tan and black, cordovan and black. Price \$1.50

WOMEN'S MIXED SILK AND WOOL HOSE.—Colors, tan and silver, blue and silver, corovan and silver, corovan and gold. Price \$1.98

GLOVES

The unusual smartness of this season's gloves, and their importance in the ensemble, make them one of the most desired of all gifts. Here are the new cuffed gloves in every desired shade. Gloves of washable chamois skin and fine French kid gloves. Prices vary with the kind from

\$1.00 to \$3.95 a pair.

Gifts from our Lingerie Section

When one says "gift lingerie" one means of course lingerie more exquisite than the usual, daintier in trimming, lovelier in fabric. Lingerie of Crepe de Chine in tinted pastel shades and with fine-meshed lace, lingerie which for all its frivolous loveliness tubs beautifully.

Philippine lingerie daintily fine, exquisitely made by hand with the skill of these famous needle-women seen in every stitch. Prices range from \$1.95 to \$5.95

FANCY CHINA

Here you will find thousands of pieces of beautiful decorated china. This department is rich in suggestions of giveable things that couple serviceability with daintiness and beauty.

Bon Bon Dishes 75c to \$2.75
Nut Sets \$3.48
Celery Sets \$3.19 to \$3.98
Celery Trays \$2.25
Olive Sets \$1.75 to \$2.25
Spoon Trays 98c
Spoon Racks 98c to \$1.49
Fruit Dishes \$1.49 to \$2.48
Berry Sets \$3.19 to \$5.75

Ice Cream Sets \$4.95
Cake Sets \$2.25 to \$5.75
Cake Plates \$1.59 to \$2.59
Toast Sets 48c to \$2.25
Mayonnaise Sets 98c to \$3.75
Syrup Jugs \$1.25 to \$1.59
Candy Jars \$1.98 to \$3.48
Sweet Sets \$4.19 to \$8.48
Chocolate Sets \$2.48 to \$7.98
Tea Sets \$2.75 to \$6.48

APRONS FOR GIFTS

From the small, dainty, muslin affair to the larger slipover ones in an almost endless variety

SMALL PERCALE KITCHEN APRONS.—In a variety of patterns. Price 29c

FANCY APRONS.—Of fine quality percale. Pointed bottoms, trimmed with braid to match color of apron. Price 59c

LARGE SLIPOVER APRONS.—Of percale. Bib fastens in back at waistline. Trimmed with barding of contrasting color. Price 75c

KITCHEN AND TEA APRONS.—Of pure gum rubber. Comes in a large assortment of colors, with ruffling at edge, and pockets in a contrasting color. Price \$1.00

KLEINERT'S FANCY APRONS.—Cretonne fronts, rubber lined backs. Bib of plain color. Packed in Christmas boxes. Price \$1.00

FOR BABY

For the wee member of the family, to whom Christmas is most important of all, here are gifts that are a pleasure to choose. Things that baby really needs, all of them selected with an eye for service and moderate pricing.

Infant's and Children's Coats. \$2.95 to \$12.00
Infant's and Children's Dresses \$1.00 to \$4.50
Infants Knit and Silk Bonnets. \$1.00 to \$3.50
Infant's and Children's Bath Robes. \$1.05 to \$3.95
Children's Angora Set. \$6.50 to \$9.50
Children's Knit and Stockinette Leggings. \$1.25 to \$2.95
Infant's and Children's Carriage Robes. \$2.50 to \$10.00
Infant's Silk Quilts. \$3.95 to \$6.50

Infants Capes and Sleeping Bags. \$2.95 to \$5.95
Infant's Knit Booties. 29c to \$1.25
Infant's Shoes and Moccasins. 75c to \$1.25
Infant's Silk and Wool Underwear. 50c to \$3.48
Infant's Silk Kimonos. \$3.95 to \$5.00
Infant's Comb and Brush Sets. \$1.00 to \$3.50
Infant's Hot Water Bags. \$1.25 and \$1.50
Infant's Carriage Clips. 79c

Useful Gifts for Men

Neckties 48c to \$1.50
Dress Shirts 98c to \$5.48
Socks—All Silk \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50 a pair
Socks—Silk and Wool 75c, \$1.00 a pair
Socks—Fine Cotton 25c, 48c a pair
Union Suits \$1.98 to \$5.95
Bath Robes \$4.98 to \$8.50
Pajamas \$1.59, 1.98, 2.95

TOYLAND

Toyland with a galaxy of toys that will gladden the hearts of children. Bring the children, watch them frolic, hear their childish exclamations of joy. It will bring memories of your own childhood days. Every kind of toy that the boy or girl could wish is here, at a range of prices so moderate that every child's express wish can be fulfilled.

JOHN WILSON & COMPANY

Greenfield, Massachusetts